OLNEY

HYMNS,

IN

THREE BOOKS.

Helen
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Book I. On select Texts of Scripture.
Book II. On occasional Subjects.
Book III. On the Progress and changes of the Spiritual Life.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

——— *Contabitis, Arcades, inquit,*
Montibus hæc vestris: soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!

VIRGIL, *Ecl.* x. 31.

And they sung as it were a new song before the throne: and no man could learn that song, but the redeemed from the earth.

Rev. xiv. 3.

As sorrowful---yet always rejoicing.

2 *Cor.* vi. 10.

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M. DCC. XC.

Helen I Nixon

PREFACE.

COPIES of a few of these Hymns have already appeared in periodical publications, and in some recent collections. I have observed one or two of them attributed to persons who certainly had no concern in them, but as transcribers. All that have been at different times parted with in manuscript are included in the present volume; and (if the information were of any great importance) the public may be assured that the whole number were composed by two persons only. The original design would not admit of any other association. A desire of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere Christians, though the principal, was not the only motive to this undertaking. It was likewise intended as a monument, to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship. With this pleasing view I entered upon my part, which would have been smaller than it is, and the book would have appeared much sooner, and in a very different form, if the wise, though mysterious providence of GOD, had not seen fit to cross my wishes. We had not proceeded far upon our proposed plan, before my dear friend was prevented, by a long and affecting indisposition, from affording me any farther assistance. My grief and disappointment were great; I hung my harp upon the willows, and for some time thought myself determined to proceed no farther without him. Yet my mind was afterwards led to resume the service. My progress in it, amidst a variety of other engagements, has been slow, yet in the course of years, the hymns amounted to a considerable number: And my deference to the judgment and desires of others, has at length overcome the reluctance I long felt to see them in print, while I had so few

my friend's hymns to insert in the collection. Though it is possible a good judge of composition might be able to distinguish those which are his, I have thought it proper to preclude a misapplication, by prefixing the letter (c) to each of them. For the rest I must be responsible.

There is a stile and manner suited to the composition of hymns, which may be more successfully, or at least more easily attained by a versifier, than by a poet. They should be *Hymns*, not *Odes*, if designed for public worship, and for the use of plain people. Perspicuity, simplicity and ease, should be chiefly attended to; and the imagery and colouring of poetry, if admitted at all, should be indulged very sparingly and with great judgment. The late Dr. *Watts*, many of whose hymns are admirable patterns in this species of writing, might as a poet, have a right to say, that it cost him some labour to restrain his fire, and to accommodate himself to the capacities of common readers. But it would not become me to make such a declaration. It behoved me to do my best. But tho' I would not offend readers of taste by a wilful coarseness and negligence, I do not write professedly for them. If the LORD, whom I serve, has been pleased to favor me with that mediocrity of talent, which may qualify me for usefulness to the weak and the poor of his flock, without quite disgusting persons of superior discernment, I have reason to be satisfied.

As the workings of the heart of man, and of the Spirit of GOD, are in general the same, in all who are the subjects of grace, I hope most of these hymns, being the fruit and expression of my own experience, will coincide with the views of real Christians of all denominations. But I cannot expect that every sentiment I have advanced will be universally approved. However, I am not conscious of having written a single line with an intention, either to flatter, or to offend any party or person upon earth. I have simply declared

my

my own views and feelings as I might have done if I had compoſed hymns in ſome of the newly diſcovered iſlands in the South-Sea, where no perſon had any knowledge of the name of JESUS, but myſelf. I am a friend of peace, and being deeply convinced that no one can profitably underſtand the great truths and doctrines of the goſpel, any farther than he is taught of GOD, I have not a wiſh to obtrude my own tenets upon others, in a way of controverſy :—yet I do not think myſelf bound to conceal them. Many gracious perſons (for many ſuch I am perſuaded there are) who differ from me, more or leſs, in thoſe points which are called Calviniſtic, appear deſirous that the Calviniſts ſhould, for their ſakes, ſtudiouſly avoid every expreſſion which they cannot approve. Yet few of them, I believe, impoſe a like reſtraint upon themſelves, but think the importance of what they deem to be truth, juſtifies them in ſpeaking their ſentiments plainly, and ſtrongly. May I not plead for an equal liberty? The views I have received of the doctrines of grace are eſſential to my peace, I could not live comfortably a day or an hour without them. I likewiſe believe, yea, ſo far as my poor attainments warrant me to ſpeak, I know them to be friendly to holineſs, and to have a direct influence in producing and maintaining a goſpel converſation, and therefore I muſt not be aſhamed of them.

The Hymns are diſtributed into three Books. In the firſt I have claſſed thoſe which are formed upon ſelect paſſages of Scripture, and placed them in the order of the Books of the Old and New Teſtament. The ſecond contains occaſional hymns ſuited to particular ſeaſons, or ſuggeſted by particular events or ſubjects. The third Book is miſcellaneous, compriſing a variety of ſubjects relative to a life of faith in the Son of GOD, which have no expreſs reference either to a ſingle text of ſcripture, or any determinate ſeaſon or incident. Theſe are farther ſubdivided into diſtinct heads. This

arrangement is not so accurate but that several of the hymns might have been differently disposed. Some attention to method may be found convenient, though a logical exactness was hardly practicable. As some subjects in the several books are nearly co-incident, I have, under the divisions in the third Book, pointed out those which are similar in the two former. And I have likewise here and there in the first and second made reference to hymns of a like import in the third.

This publication, which, with my humble prayer to the LORD for his blessing upon it, I offer to the service and acceptance of all who love the LORD JESUS CHRIST in sincerity, of every name and in every place, into whose hands it may come. I more particularly dedicate to my dear friends in the parish and neighbourhood of *Olney*, for whose use the hymns were originally composed; as a testimony of the sincere love I bear them, and as a token of my gratitude to the LORD, and to them for the comfort and satisfaction with which the discharge of my ministry among them has been attended.

The hour is approaching, and at my time of life, cannot be very distant, when my heart, my pen, and my tongue will no longer be able to move in their service. But I trust, while my heart continues to beat, it will feel a warm desire for the prosperity of their souls; and while my hand can write, and my tongue speak, it will be the business and pleasure of my life, to aim at promoting their growth and establishment in the grace of our GOD and Saviour. To this precious grace I commend them, and earnestly intreat them, and all who love his name, to strive mightily with his prayers to GOD for me, that I may be preserved faithful to the end, and enabled at last to finish my course with joy.

JOHN NEWTON,

Olney, Bucks,
Feb. 15, 1779.

OLNEY HYMNS, &c.

BOOK I,

ON

SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

GENESIS.

HYMN I. *ADAM.* Chap. iii.

1 ON man, in his own image made,
How much did GOD beſtow?
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him, lord below!

2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, ſtor'd
With ſweets for ev'ry ſenſe;
And there with his deſcending LORD,
He walk'd in confidence.

3 But oh! by ſin how quickly chang'd!
His honor forfeited,
His heart from GOD and truth, eſtrang'd,
His conſcience fill'd with dread!

4 Now from his Maker's voice he flees,
Which was before his joy;
And thinks to hide amidſt the trees,
From an all-ſeeing eye.

5 Compell'd to anſwer to his name;
With ſtubbornneſs and pride
He caſt on GOD himſelf the blame,
Nor once for mercy cry'd.

6 But grace, unask'd, his heart subdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave;
By faith the promis'd seed he view'd,
And felt his pow'r to save.

7 Thus we ourselves would justify,
Tho' we the law transgress;
Like him, unable to deny,
Unwilling to confess.

8 But when by faith the sinner sees
A pardon bought with blood,
Then he forsakes his foolish pleas,
And gladly turns to GOD.

II. *CAIN* AND *ABEL*. Chap. iv. 3—8.

1 WHEN Adam fell, he quickly lost
GOD's image which he once possest:
See *All* our nature since could boast
In Cain, his first born son express'd!

2 The Sacrifice the LORD ordain'd
In type of the Redeemer's blood,
Self-righteous reas'ning Cain disdain'd,
And thought his own first-fruits as good.

3 Yet rage and envy fill'd his mind,
When with a sullen downcast look,
He saw his brother favor find,
Who GOD's appointed method took.

4 By Cain's own hand good Abel dy'd,
Because the LORD approv'd his faith;
And, when his blood for vengeance cry'd,
He vainly thought to hide his death.

5 Such was the wicked murd'rer Cain,
And such by nature still are we,
Until by grace we're born again,
Malicious, blind, and proud, as he.

6 Like

6 Like him the way of grace we slight
And in our own devices trust:
Call evil good, and darkness light,
And hate and persecute the just.

7 The saints in ev'ry age and place,
Have found his history fulfill'd:
The numbers all our thoughts surpass,
Of Abels, whom the Cains have kill'd (a)!

8 Thus Jesus fell---but oh! his blood
Far better things than Abel's cries (b):
Obtains his murd'rers peace with God,
And gains them mansions in the skies.

III. (c) *Walking with* God. Chap. v. 24.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast:

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

(a) *Rom.* viii. 36. (b) *Heb.* xii. 24.

6 So

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

IV. Another.

1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his ſtaff and rod (*c*),
My road is ſafe and pleaſant too.

2 I travel thro' a deſart wide,
Where many round me blindly ſtray;
But he vouchſafes to be my guide (*d*),
And will not let me miſs my way.

3 Tho' ſnares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my courſe withſtand;
I triumph over all by faith (*e*),
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

4 The wilderneſs affords no food,
But God for my ſupport prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my ſoul from wants and cares.

5 With him ſweet converſe I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble ſpirit faints;
At once my ſoul revives and ſings,
And yields no more to ſad complaints.

7 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleaſures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

(*c*) *Pſalm* xxiii. 4. (*d*) *Pſalm* cvii. (*e*) *Pſalm* xxvii. 23. 2.

V.

V. *LOT in Sodom.* Chap. xiii. 10.

1 HOW hurtful was the choice of Lot,
Who took up his abode
(Becauſe it was a fruitful ſpot)
With them who fear'd not GOD!

2 A pris'ner he was quickly made,
Bereav'd of all his ſtore;
And, but for Abraham's timely aid,
He had return'd no more.

3 Yet ſtill he ſeem'd reſolv'd to ſtay,
As if it were his reſt;
Altho' their ſins from day to day (*f*)
His righteous ſoul diſtreſs'd.

4 A while he ſtay'd with anxious mind,
Expos'd to ſcorn and ſtrife;
At laſt he left his all behind,
And fled to ſave his life.

5 In vain his ſons in-law he warn'd,
They thought he told his dreams:
His daughters too, of them had learn'd,
And periſh'd in the flames.

6 His wife eſcap'd a little way,
But dy'd for looking back:
Does not her caſe to pilgrims ſay,
"Beware of growing ſlack?"

7 Yea, Lot himſelf could ling'ring ſtand,
Tho' vengeance was in view;
'Twas mercy pluck'd him by the hand,
Or he had periſh'd too.

8 The doom of Sodom will be ours,
If to the earth we cleave;
LORD quicken all our drowſy pow'rs,
To flee to thee and live.

VI.

(*f*) 2 *Pet.* ii. 8.

VI. (c) *JEHOVAH-JIREH. The* LORD *will provide.* Chap. xxii. 14.

1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,
GOD saw, and said, "Forbear;"
Yon ram should yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there.

3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand (*g*)
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more (*h*);
But GOD prepar'd a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

5 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the LORD.

6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And tho' it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

VII. *The* LORD *will provide.*

1 THO' troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us,
The LORD will provide.

2 The

(*g*) *Sam.* xxiii. 7. (*h*) *Jonah* i. 17.

2 The birds without barn
Or ſtorehouſe are fed,
From them let us learn
To truſt for our bread;
His ſaints what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd
So long as 'tis written,
The LORD will provide.

3 We may, like the ſhips,
By tempeſts be toſt
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be loſt:
Tho' Satan enrages,
The wind and the tide,
The promiſe engages,
The LORD will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are ſtrangers,
We have a good guide,
And truſt in all dangers
The LORD will provide.

5 When Satan appears
To ſtop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promiſe,
The LORD will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we ſeek
We ne'er ſhall obtain;

But when such suggestions
Our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions,
The LORD will provide.

7 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name;
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,
The LORD is our power,
The LORD will provide.

8 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us thro':
No fearing or doubting,
With CHRIST on our side
We hope to die shouting,
The LORD will provide.

VIII. *ESAU.* Chap. xxv. 34. Heb. xii. 16.

1 POOR Esau repented too late,
That once he his birth-right despis'd;
And sold for a morsel of meat,
What could not too highly be priz'd:
How great was his anger when told,
The *blessing* he sought to obtain,
Was gone with the *birth-right* he sold,
And none could recal it again!

2 He stands as a warning to all,
Wherever the gospel shall come;
O hasten and yield to the call
While yet for repentance there's room!
Your season will quickly be past;
Then hear and obey it to-day,
Lest when you seek mercy at last,
The Saviour should frown you away.

3 Wh-

3 What is it the world can propose?
A morsel of meat at the best!
For this are you willing to lose
A share in the joys of the blest?
Its pleasures will speedily end,
Its favor and praise are but breath;
And what can its profits befriend
Your souls in the moments of death?

4 If Jesus for these you despise,
And sin to the Saviour prefer;
In vain your intreaties and cries,
When summon'd to stand at his bar:
How will you his presence abide?
What anguish will torture your heart;
The saints all enthron'd by his side,
And you be compell'd to depart.

5 Too often, dear Saviour, have I
Preferr'd some poor trifle to thee;
How is it thou dost not deny
The blessing and birth-right to me?
No better than Esau I am,
Tho' pardon and heav'n be mine;
To me belongs nothing but shame,
The praise and the glory be thine.

IX. *JACOB's Ladder.* Chap. xxviii. 12.

1 IF the LORD our leader be,
We may follow without fear;
East or West, by land or sea,
Home, with him is ev'ry where:
When from Esau Jacob fled,
Tho' his pillow was a stone,
And the ground his humble bed,
Yet he was not left alone.

2 Kings are often waking kept,
Rack'd with cares on beds of state;
Never king like Jacob slept,
For he lay at heav'n's gate: Lo!

Lo! he saw a Ladder rear'd,
Reaching to the heav'nly throne;
At the top the Lord appear'd,
Spake, and claim'd him for his own,

3 "Fear not, Jacob, thou art mine,
And my presence with thee goes;
On thy heart my love shall shine,
And my arm subdue thy foes:
From my promise comfort take,
For my help in trouble call;
Never will I thee forsake,
'Till I have accomplish'd all."

4 Well does JACOB's ladder suit
To the gospel throne of grace;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Ev'ry hour in ev'ry place:
By assuming flesh and blood,
JESUS heav'n and earth unites;
We by faith ascend to GOD (*i*);
GOD to dwell with us delights.

5 They who know the Saviour's name,
Are for all events prepar'd;
What can changes do to them,
Who have such a guide and guard?
Should they traverse earth around,
To the ladder still they come:
Ev'ry spot is holy ground,
GOD is there—and he's their home.

X. *My name is JACOB.* Chap. xxxii. 27.

1 NAY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case. 2 Dost.

(*i*) 2. Cor. vi. 16.

2 Doſt thou aſk me, who I am ?
Ah, my LORD, thou know'ſt my name !
Yet the queſtion gives a plea,
To ſupport my ſuit with thee.

3 Thou didſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, LORD, was I.

4 Once a ſinner near deſpair
Sought thy mercy-ſeat by pray'r ;
Mercy heard and ſet him free,
LORD, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have paſs'd ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen ;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou.

6 Thou haſt help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead ;
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Canſt thou let me ſink at laſt !

7 No---I muſt maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodneſs makes me bold,
I can no denial take,
When I plead for JESUS ſake.

XI. *P'enty in the time of dearth.* Chap. xli. 56.

1 MY ſoul once had its plenteous years,
And throve, with peace and comfort fill'd,
Like the fat kine and ripen'd ears,
Which Pharaoh in his dream beheld.

2 With pleaſing frames and grace receiv'd,
With means and ordinances fed,
How happy for a while I liv'd,
And little fear'd the want of bread.

3 But

3 But famine came and left no ſign
Of all the plenty I had ſeen;
Like the dry ears and half-ſtarv'd kine,
I then look'd wither'd, faint and lean.

4 To Joſeph the Egyptians went;
To JESUS I made known my caſe;
He, when my little ſtock was ſpent,
Open'd *his* magizine of grace.

5 For he the time of dearth foreſaw,
And made proviſion long before;
That famiſh'd ſouls, like me, might draw
Supplies from his unbounded ſtore.

6 Now on his bounty I depend,
And live from fear of dearth ſecure;
Maintain'd by ſuch a mighty friend,
I cannot want till he is poor.

7 O ſinners, hear his gracious call!
His mercy's door ſtands open wide;
He has enough to feed you all,
And none who come ſhall be deny'd.

XII. *JOSEPH made known to his brethren.* Chap. xlv. 3, 4.

1 WHEN Joſeph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compaſſion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their paſt ſin to their mind;
But, when they were humbled enough,
He haſted to ſhew himſelf kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and ſold!
How great their confuſion muſt be,
As ſoon as his name he had told!

" I am Joseph, your brother, he said,
And still to my heart you are dear,
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But GOD, for your sakes, sent me here."

3 Tho' greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.
" Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did ?
And will he our households maintain ?
O this is a brother indeed !

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
And laden with guilt, to the LORD ;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first he look'd stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart,
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, " Thou cursed depart ! "

5 But oh ! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face ;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'er whelm'd and confounded by grace :
" Poor sinner I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain ;
But I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 I am JESUS, whom thou hast blasphem'd,
And crucify'd often afresh ;
But let me henceforth be esteem'd,
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh :
My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply ;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

7 Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."
Oh sinners, the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come without further delay,
To JESUS, our brother and friend.

EXODUS.

XIII. *The bitter waters.* Chap. xv. 23---25.

1 BITTER indeed the waters are
Which in this desart flow;
Though to the eye they promise fair,
They taste of sin and woe.

2 Of pleasing draughts I once could dream,
But now awake, I find,
That sin has poison'd every stream,
And left a curse behind.

3 But there's a wonder-working wood,
I've heard believers say,
Can make these bitter waters good,
And take the curse away.

4 The virtues of this healing tree
Are known and priz'd by few:
Reveal this secret, LORD, to me,
That I may prize it too.

5 The cross on which the Saviour dy'd,
And conquer'd for his saints;
This is the tree, by faith apply'd,
Which sweetens all complaints.

6 Thousands

6 Thousands have found the bless'd effect,
Nor longer mourn their lot;
While on his sorrow we reflect,
Their own are all forgot.

7 When they, by faith, behold the cross,
Tho' many griefs they meet;
They draw again from ev'ry loss,
And find the bitter sweet.

XIV. (c) *JEHOVAH ROPHI---I am the* LORD *that healeth thee.* Chap. xv.

1 HEAL us, EMMANUEL, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from the LORD!

3 Remember him who once apply'd
With trembling for relief;
"LORD, I believe, with tears he cry'd (*k*),
O help my unbelief."

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace (*l*),
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
She would have shun'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

XV

(*k*) *Mark* ix. 24. (*l*) *Mark* v. 34.

XV. *MANNA.* Chap. xvi. 18.

1 MANNA to Iſrael, well ſupply'd
The want of other bread;
While GOD is able to provide,
His people ſhall be fed.

2 (Thus tho' the corn and wine ſhould fail;
And creature-ſtreams be dry;
The pray'r of faith will ſtill prevail,
For bleſſings from on high.)

3 Of this kind care how ſweet a proof!
It ſuited ev'ry taſte:
Who gather'd moſt had juſt enough,
Enough, who gather'd leaſt.

4 'Tis thus our gracious LORD provides,
Our comforts and our cares;
His own unerring hand provides,
And gives us each our ſhares.

5 He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry;
The ſtrongeſt have no ſtrength to ſpare,
For ſuch he'll ſtrongly try.

6 Daily they ſaw the Manna come
And cover all the ground;
But what they try'd to keep at home,
Corrupted ſoon was found.

7 Vain their attempt to ſtore it up,
This was to tempt the LORD:
Iſrael muſt live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard.

XVI. *Manna hoarded.* Chap. xvi. 20.

1 THE Manna, favor'd Iſrael's meat,
Was gather'd day by day;
When all the hoſt was ſerv'd, the heat
Melted the reſt away.

2 In vain to hoard it up they try'd,
Againſt to-morrow came;
It then bred worms and putrify'd,
And prov'd their ſin and ſhame.

3 'Twas daily bread and would not keep,
But muſt be ſtill renew'd;
Faith ſhould not want a hoard or heap,
But truſt the LORD for food.

4 The truths by which the ſoul is fed,
Muſt thus be had afreſh,
For notions reſting in the head,
Will only feed the fleſh.

5 However true they have no life
Or unction to impart;
They breed the worms of pride and ſtrife,
But cannot cheer the heart.

6 Nor can the beſt experience paſt,
The life of faith maintain;
The brighteſt hope will faint at laſt,
Unleſs ſupply'd again.

7 Dear LORD, while we in pray'r are found,
Do thou the Manna give;
Oh! let it fall on all around,
That we may eat and live.

XVII. (c) *JEHOVAH NISSI*,
The LORD *my banner*. Chap. xvii. 15.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No ſword nor ſpear the ſtripling took,
But choſe a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Iſrael's GOD and King,
Who ſent him to the fight;
Who gave him ſtrength to ſling,

And ſkill to aim aright.
Ye feeble ſaints, your ſtrength endures,
Becauſe young David's GOD is yours.

3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To ſtorm the invader's camp (*m*)
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the hoſt was overthrown.

4 Oh! I have ſeen the day,
When with a ſingle word,
GOD helping me to ſay,
My truſt is in the LORD,
My ſoul has quell'd a thouſand foes,
Fearleſs of all that could oppoſe.

5 But unbelief, ſelf-will,
Self-righteouſneſs and pride,
How often do they ſteal,
My weapon from my ſide?
Yet David's LORD, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his ſervant to the end.

XVIII. *The golden Calf.* Chap. xxxii. 4. 41.

1 WHEN Iſrael heard the fiery law,
From Sinai's top proclaim'd,
Their hearts ſeem'd full of holy awe,
Their ſtubborn ſpirits tam'd.

2 Yet as forgetting all they knew,
Ere forty days were paſt,
With blazing Sinai ſtill in view,
A molten calf they caſt.

3 Yea Aaron, GOD's anointed prieſt,
Who on the mount had been,
He durſt prepare the idol beaſt,
And lead them on to ſin.

4 LORD,

(*m*) *Judges*, vii. 20.

4 LORD. what is man, and what are we,
To recompence thee thus!
In their offence our own we see,
Their story points at us.

5 From Sinai we heard thee speak,
And from mount Calv'ry too;
And yet to idols oft we seek,
While thou art in our view.

6 Some golden calf, or golden dream.
Some fancied creature-good,
Presumes to share the heart with him,
Who bought the whole with blood.

7 LORD, save us from our golden calves,
Our sin with grief we own;
We would no more be thine by halves,
But live to thee alone.

LEVITICUS.

XIX. *The true Aaron.* Chap. viii. 7---9.

1 SEE Aaron, GOD's anointed priest,
Within the vale appear,
In robes of mystic meaning drest,
Presenting Israel's prayer.

2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
His holiness describes;
His breast displays in shining rows,
The names of all the tribes.

3 With the atoning blood he stands
Before the mercy-seat,
And clouds of incense from his hands
Arise with odour sweet.

4 Urim

4 Urim and Thummin near his heart,
In rich engravings worn,
The ſacred light of truth impart,
To teach and to adorn.

5 Thro' him, the eye of faith deſcries
A greater Prieſt than he:
Thus JESUS pleads above the ſkies,
For you, my friends, and me.

6 He bears the names of all his ſaints,
Deep on his heart engrav'd;
Attentive to the ſtate and wants
Of all his love has ſav'd.

7 In him a holineſs complete,
Light and perfections ſhine,
And wiſdom, grace, and glory meet;
A Saviour all divine.

8 The blood, which as a prieſt, he bears
For ſinners, is his own;
The incenſe of his pray'rs and tears
Perfume the holy throne.

9 In him my weary ſoul has reſt,
Though I am weak and vile;
I read my name upon his breaſt,
And ſee the Father ſmile.

NUMBERS.

XX. *BALAAM's Wiſh* (*n*) Chap. xxiii. 10.

1 HOW bleſt the righteous are,
When they reſign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wiſh'd to ſhare
In ſuch a happy death. 2 "Oh!

(*n*) *Book* III. *Hymn* 71.

2 " Oh ! let me die, said he,
The death the righteous do ;
When life is ended, let me be
Found with the faithful few."

3 The force of truth, how great !
When enemies confess,
None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere :
He thrusted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

5 He seem'd the LORD to know,
And to offend him loth ;
But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,
For none can serve them both.

6 May you my friends, and I,
Warning from hence receive;
If like the righteous we could die,
To choose the life they live.

JOSHUA.

XXI. *GIBEON.* Chap. x. 6.

1 WHEN Joshua by GOD's command,
Invaded Canaan's guilty land,
Gibeon, unlike the nations round,
Submission made, and mercy found.

2 Their stubborn neighbours, who enrag'd,
United war against them wag'd,
By Joshua soon were overthrown,
For Gibeon's cause was now his own.

3 He

3 He from whose arm they ruin fear'd,
Their leader and ally appear'd;
An emblem of the Saviour's grace,
To those who humbly seek his face.

4 The men of Gibeon wore disguise,
And gain'd their peace by framing lies;
For Joshua had no pow'r to spare,
If he had known from whence they were.

5 But JESUS invitations sends,
Treating with rebels as his friends,
And holds the promise forth in view,
To all who for his mercy sue.

6 Too long his goodness I disdain'd,
Yet went at last and peace obtain'd;
But soon the noise of war I heard,
And former friends in arms appear'd.

7 Weak in myself for help I cry'd,
LORD, I am press'd on ev'ry side;
The cause is thine, they fight with me,
But ev'ry blow is aim'd at thee.

8 With speed to my relief he came,
And put my enemies to shame:
Thus sav'd by grace, I live to sing
The love and triumphs of my King.

JUDGES.

XXII. (c) *JEHOVAH-SHALEM---The* LORD *send peace.* Chap. vi. 24.

1 JESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd,
To satisfy the laws demand;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I stand. 2 To

2 To reconcile offending man;
Made Juſtice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a GOD?

3 No drop remains of all the curſe,
For wretches who deſerv'd the whole;
No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce
The guilty, but returning ſoul.

4 Peace by ſuch means ſo dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to ſee?
Peace, by his injur'd Sovereign wrought,
His Sov'reign faſt'ned to the tree.

5 Now, LORD, thy feeble worm prepare!
For ſtrife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war,
They hate the ſouls that hates his ſins.

6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may aſſault, they may diſtreſs;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the LORD my peace.

XXIII. *GIDEON's Fleece*, Chap. vi. 37---40.

1 THE ſigns which GOD to Gideon gave,
His holy Sov'reignty make known;
That he alone has pow'r to ſave,
And claims the glory as his own.

2 The dew which firſt the fleece had fill'd,
When all the earth was dry around,
Was from it afterwards withheld,
And only fell upon the ground.

3 To Iſrael thus the heavenly dew
Of ſaving truth, was long reſtrain'd;
Of which the Gentiles nothing knew,
But dry and deſolate remain'd.

4 But

4 But now the Gentiles have receiv'd
The balmy dew of gospel peace,
And Israel, who his spirit griev'd,
Is left a dry and empty fleece.

5 This dew still falls at his command,
To keep his chosen plants alive;
They shall, tho' in a thirsty land,
Like willows by the waters thrive (o)

6 But chiefly when his people meet,
To hear his word and seek his face:
The gentle dew, with influence sweet,
Descends and nourishes their grace.

7 But ah! what numbers still are dead,
Tho' under means of grace they lie!
The dew still falling round their head,
And yet their heart untouch'd and dry.

8 Dear Saviour, hear us when we call;
To wrestling pray'r an answer give;
Pour down thy dew upon us all,
That all may feel, and all may live.

XXIV. *SAMPSON's Lion.* Chap. xiv. 8

1 THE lion that on Sampson roar'd,
And thristed for his blood;
With honey afterwards was stor'd,
And furnish'd him with food.

2 Believers, as they pass along,
With many lions meet,
But gather sweetness from the strong,
And from the eater, meat.

3 The lions rage and roar in vain,
For JESUS is their shield;
Their losses prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.

4 The

(o) *Isaiah* xliv. 4.

4 The world and Satan join their ſtrength,
To fill their ſouls with fears;
But crops of joy they reap at length,
From what they ſow in tears.

5 Afflictions make them love the word,
Stir up their hearts to pray'r;
And many precious proofs afford,
Of their Redeemer's care.

6 The lions roar, but cannot kill;
Then fear them not my friends,
They bring us, tho' againſt their will,
The honey JESUS ſends.

I. SAMUEL.

XXV. *HANNAH: or the Throne of Grace.* Chap. i. 18.

1 WHEN Hannah preſs'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her ſoul in pray'r;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burthen there:
Like her in every trying caſe,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When ſhe began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and ſad;
But ere ſhe went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble what a reſting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace.

3 Tho' men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The ſaints from age to age,
Are ſafe from all their pow'r;
Freſh ſtrength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

4 Eli

4 Eli her caſe miſtook,
How was her ſpirit mov'd
By his unkind rebuke?
But GOD her cauſe approv'd.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.

5 She was not fill'd with wine,
As Eli raſhly thought;
But with a faith divine,
And found the help ſhe ſought:
Tho' men deſpiſe and call us baſe,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

6 Men have not pow'r or ſkill,
With troubled ſouls to bear:
Tho' they expreſs good-will,
Poor comforters they are:
But ſwelling ſorrows ſink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

7 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promiſe true;
Nor yet one been deny'd,
Then why ſhould I or you?
Let us by faith their footſteps trace,
And haſten to the throne of grace.

8 As fogs obſcure the light,
And taint the morning air;
But ſoon are put to flight,
If the bright ſun appear;
Thus JESUS will our troubles chaſe,
By ſhining from the throne of grace (*p*)

XXVI. *DAGON before the ark.* Chap. v. 4. 5.

1 WHEN firſt to make my heart his own,
The LORD reveal'd his mighty grace,
Self

(*p*) *Book* II. *Hymn* 61.

Self reign'd, like Dagon, on the throne,
But could not long maintain its place.

2. It fell, and own'd the pow'r divine,
(Grace can with eaſe the vict'ry gain)
But ſoon this wretched heart of mine
Contriv'd to ſet it up again.

3 Again the LORD his name proclaim'd,
And brought the hateful idol low;
Then ſelf, like Dagon, broken, maim'd,
Seem'd to receive a mortal blow.

4 Yet ſelf is not of life bereft,
Nor ceaſes to oppoſe his will;
Tho' but a maimed ſtump be left,
'Tis Dagon, 'tis an Idol ſtill.

5 LORD! muſt I always guilty prove,
And idols in my heart have room (*q*)?
Oh! Let the fire of heav'nly love,
The very ſtump of ſelf conſume.

XXVII. *The milch Kine drawing the Ark: Faith's ſurrender of all.* Chap. vi. 12.

1 THE kine unguided went
By the directed road,
When the Philiſtines homeward ſent
The ark of Iſrael's GOD.

2 Lowing they paſs'd along,
And left their calves ſhut up;
They felt an inſtinct for their young,
But would not turn or ſtop.

3 Shall brutes, devoid of thought,
Their Maker's will obey;
And we, who by his grace are taught,
More ſtubborn prove than they?

4 He ſhed his precious blood
To make us his alone;

If

(*q*) *Hoſea, xvi.* 8.

If wash'd in that atoning flood,
We are no more our own.

5 If he his will reveal,
Let us obey his call;
And think, whate'er the flesh may feel,
His love deserves our all.

6 We should maintain in view
His glory, as our end;
Too much we cannot bear, or do,
For such a matchless friend.

7 His saints should stand prepar'd
In duty's path to run;
Nor count their greatest trials hard,
So that his will be done

8 With JESUS for our guide,
The path is safe though rough;
The promise says, "I will provide,"
And faith replies, "Enough!"

XXVIII. *SAUL's Armour*, Chap. xvii. 38—40.

1 WHEN first my soul enlisted
My Saviour's foes to fight;
Mistaken friends insisted
I was not arm'd aright:
So Saul advised David
He certainly would fail;
Nor could his life be saved
Without a coat of mail.

2 But David, tho' he yielded
To put the armour on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventur'd forth with none.
With only sling and pebble
He fought the fight of faith;
The weapons seem'd but feeble,
Yet prov'd Goliath's death.

3 Had

3 Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armour men provided,
I might have gain'd the day;
But arm'd as they advis'd me,
My expectations fail'd;
My enemy surpriz'd me,
And had almost prevail'd.

4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
And arguments and pride;
I practis'd all my notions,
And Satan's pow'r defy'd:
But soon perceiv'd with trouble,
That these would do no good;
Iron to him is stubble (*r*),
And brass like rotten wood.

5 I triumph'd at a distance
While he was out of sight,
But faint was my resistance
When forc'd to join in fight;
He broke my sword in shivers,
And pierc'd my boasted shield;
Laugh'd at my vain endeavors,
And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved
By such a worm as I:
Then let me learn with David,
To trust in the Most High;
To plead the name of JESUS,
And use the sling of pray'r;
Thus arm'd, when Satan sees us
He'll tremble and despair.

II.

(*r*) *Job.* xli. 27.

II. SAMUEL.

XXIX. *DAVID's fall.* Chap. xi. 27.

1 HOW David, when by sin deceiv'd
From bad to worse went on!
For when the Holy Spirit's griev'd,
Our strength and guard are gone.

2 His eye on Bathsheba once fix'd,
With poison fill'd his soul;
He ventur'd on adult'ry next,
And murder crown'd the whole.

3 So from a spark of fire at rest,
That has not been descry'd;
A dreadful flame had often burst,
And ravag'd far and wide.

4 When sin deceives, it hardens too,
For tho' he vainly sought
To hide his crimes from public view,
Of GOD he little thought.

5 He neither would, nor could repent,
No true compunction felt;
'Till GOD in mercy Nathan sent,
His stubborn heart to melt.

6 The parable held forth a fact,
Design'd his case to shew;
But though the picture was exact,
Himself he did not know.

7 "Thou art the man," the prophet said;
That word his slumber broke;
And when he own'd his sin and pray'd
The LORD forgiveness spoke.

8 Let those who think they stand beware,
For David stood before;
Nor let the fallen soul despair
For mercy can restore.

XXX. *Is this thy kindness to thy friend.* Chap. xvi. 17.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty Friend;
JESUS, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controll'd;
He found me, wand'ring far from GOD,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says, that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies:
Oh! what a friend is CHRIST to me.

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask:
But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;
Loth to forego, the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not he the GOD of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight. I.

I. KINGS.

XXXI. *Ask what I shall give thee.* Chap. iii 5.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
JESUS loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King (*f*),
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
LORD, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 LORD! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

XXXII. *Another.*

1 IF Solomon for wisdom pray'd,
The LORD before had made him wise;

Else

(*f*) *Psalm* lxxxi. 10.

Else he another choice had made,
And ask for what the worldlings prize.

2 Thus he invites his people still;
He first instructs them how to choose;
Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
Assur'd that he will not refuse.

3 Our wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain;
Before we feel the Saviour's love,
Kindle our love to him again.

4 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.

5 And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
LORD, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

6 More of thy presence, LORD, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

7 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

8 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

XXXIII. *Another.*

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near:
There JESUS shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

2 That

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which ſprinkled round I ſee;
Provides for thoſe who come to GOD,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My ſoul aſk what thou wilt,
Thou canſt not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he ſpilt,
What elſe can he withhold.

4 Beyond thy utmoſt wants
His love and pow'r can bleſs;
To praying ſouls he always grants,
More than they can expreſs.

5 Since 'tis the LORD's command,
My mouth I open wide;
LORD open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be ſupply'd.

6 Thine image LORD beſtow,
Thy preſence and thy love;
I aſk to ſerve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory ſhine.

8 If thou theſe bleſſings give,
And wilt my portion be;
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

XXXIV. *Queen of SHEBA.* Chap. x. 1---9.

1 FROM Sheba a diſtant report
Of Solomon's glory and fame,
Invited the queen to his court,
But all was outdone when ſhe came;
She cry'd, with a pleaſing ſurprize,
When firſt ſhe before him appear'd,

She

" How much, what I see with my eyes,
Surpasses the rumor I heard !"

2 When once to Jerusalem come,
The treasure and train she had brought ;
The wealth she possessed at home,
No longer had place in her thought :
His house, *his* attendants, *his* throne,
All struck her with wonder and awe ;
The glory of Solomon shone,
In ev'ry object she saw.

3 But Solomon most she admir'd,
Whose spirit conducted the whole ;
His wisdom, which GOD had inspir'd,
His bounty and greatness of soul ;
Of all the hard questions she put,
A ready solution he shew'd ;
Exceeded her wish and her suit,
And more than she ask'd him bestow'd.

4 Thus I when the gospel proclaim'd
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wisdom for which he is fam'd,
The love which to sinners he bears :
I long'd, and I was not deny'd,
That I in his presence might bow ;
I saw, and transported I cry'd,
" A greater than Solomon Thou !"

5 My conscience no comfort could find,
By doubt and hard questions oppos'd :
But He restor'd peace to my mind,
And answer'd each doubt I propos'd ;
Beholding me poor and distress'd,
His bounty supply'd all my wants ;
My pray'r could have never expres's'd,
So much as this Solomon grants.

6 I heard, and was slow to believe,
But now with my eyes I behold,

Much

Much more than my heart could conceive,
Or language could ever have told:
How happy thy servants must be,
Who always before thee appear!
Vouchsafe, LORD, this blessing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

XXXV. *ELIJAH fed by Ravens.* (s). Chap. xvii. 6.

1 ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide;
The saints may commit all their cares
To him who will surely provide:
When rain long withheld from the earth
Occasion'd a famine of bread;
The prophet secur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But when the LORD's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way:
This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of GOD's promises fail.

3 Nor is it a singular case,
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many can say to his praise,
He sends them by Ravens their food:
Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,
If GOD has a servant to feed,
Against their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
Who croaks in the ears of the saints;
Compell'd by a pow'r unseen,
Administers oft to their wants:

(s) *Book* III. *Hymn* 47.

GOD

God teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel;
This raven, who thirſts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How ſafe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He gives them out ſtrength for their day,
Their wants he will ſurely ſupply:
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

XXXVI. *The meal and cruiſe of oil.* Chap. xvii. 16.

1 BY the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was ſuſtain'd;
Tho' ſmall the ſtock it laſted well,
For God the ſtore maintain'd.

2 It ſeem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die:
But ſtill, tho' in a ſecret way,
He ſent a freſh ſupply.

3 Thus to his poor he ſtill will give
Juſt for the preſent hour;
But for to-morrow they muſt live
Upon his word and pow'r.

4 No barn or ſtorehouſe they poſſeſs,
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cauſe to fear diſtreſs,
For Jesus is their friend.

5 Then let not doubts your mind aſſail,
Remember, God has ſaid,
"The cruiſe and barrel ſhall not fail,
"My people ſhall be fed."

6 And thus, tho' faint it often ſeems,
He keeps their grace alive;

Supply'd

Supply'd by his refreſhing ſtreams,
Their dying hopes revive.

7 Tho' in ourſelves we have no ſtock,
The LORD is nigh to ſave;
His door ſties open when we knock,
And 'tis but aſk and have.

II. KINGS.

XXXVII. *JERICHO*; *Or, The waters healed.* Chap. ii. 19---22.

1 THO' Jericho pleaſantly ſtood,
And look'd like a promiſing ſoil;
The harveſt produc'd little food,
To anſwers the huſbandman's toil.
The water ſome property had,
Which poiſonous prov'd to the ground;
The ſprings were corrupted and bad,
The ſtreams ſpread a barrenneſs round.

2 But ſoon by the cruiſe and the ſalt,
Prepar'd by Eliſha's command;
The water was cur'd of its fault,
And Plenty enriched the land:
An emblem ſure this of the grace
On fruitleſs dead ſinners beſtow'd;
For man is in Jericho's caſe,
Till cur'd by the mercy of GOD.

3 How noble a creature he ſeems!
What knowledge, invention and ſkill!
How large and extenſive his ſchemes!
How much can he do if he will!
His zeal to be learned and wiſe,
Will yield to no limits or bars;
He meaſures the earth and the ſkies,
And numbers and marſhals the ſtars.

Yet

4 Yet ſtill he is barren of good ;
In vain are his talents and art ;
For ſin has infected his blood,
And poiſon'd the ſtreams of his heart:
Tho' cockatrice eggs he can hatch ; (*u*)
Or, ſpider like, cobwebs can weave ;
'Tis madneſs to labour and watch
For what will deſtroy or deceive.

5 But grace, like the ſalt in the cruiſe,
When caſt in the ſpring of the ſoul ;
A wonderful change will produce,
Diffuſing new life thro' the whole :
The wilderneſs blooms like a roſe,
The heart which was vile and abhor'd ;
Now fruitful and beautiful grows,
The garden and joy of the LORD.

XXXVIII. *NAAMAN.* Chap. v. 14.

1 BEFORE Eliſha's gate
The Syrian leaper ſtood,
But could not brook to wait,
He deem'd himſelf too good :
He thought the prophet would attend,
And not *to him* a meſſage ſend.

2 Have I this journey come,
And will he not be ſeen ?
I were as well at home,
Would waſhing make me clean ?
Why muſt I waſh in Jordan's flood ?
Damaſcus rivers are as good

3 Thus by his fooliſh pride
He almoſt miſs'd a cure ;
Howe'er at length he try'd,
And found the method ſure :
Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
The leproſy was quickly heal'd

4 Leprous

(*u*) *Iſaiah* lix. 5.

4 Leprous and proud as he,
To JESUS thus I came:
From sin to set me free,
When first I heard his fame:
Surely, thought I, my pompous train
Of vows and tears will notice gain.

5 My heart devis'd the way
Which I suppos'd he'd take;
And when I found delay,
Was ready to go back:
Had he some painful task enjoin'd,
I to performance seem'd inclin'd.

6 When by his word he spake,
That fountain open'd see;
'Twas open'd for thy sake,
"Go wash, and thou art free."
Oh! how did my proud heart gainsay,
I fear'd to trust this simple way.

7 At length I trial made,
When I had much endur'd;
The message I obey'd,
I wash'd, and I was cur'd:
Sinners this healing fountain try,
Which cleans'd a wretch so vile as I.

XXXIX. *The borrowed axe.* Chap. vi. 5, 6.

1 THE prophet's sons in times of old,
Tho' to appearance poor;
Were rich without possessing gold,
And honor'd tho' obscure.

2 In peace their daily bread they eat,
By honest labour earn'd;
While daily at Elisha's feet,
They grace and wisdom learn'd.

3 The prophet's presence cheer'd their toil,
They watch'd the words he spoke;
Whether they turn'd the furrow'd soil,
Or fell'd the spreading oak.

4 Once

4 Once as they liſten'd to his theme,
Their conference was ſtopp'd;
For one beneath the yielding ſtream,
A borrow'd axe had dropp'd.

5 "Alas! it was not mine, he ſaid,
How ſhall I make it good?"
Eliſha heard, and when he pray'd,
The iron ſwam like wood

6 If GOD, in ſuch a ſmall affair,
A miracle performs;
It ſhews his condeſcending care
Of poor unworthy worms.

7 Tho' kings and nations in his view
Are but as motes and duſt;
His eye and ear are fix'd on you,
Who in his mercy truſt.

8 Not one concern of ours is ſmall,
If we belong to him;
To teach us this, the LORD of all,
Once made the iron ſwim.

XL. *More with us than with them.* Chap. vi. 16.

1 ALAS! Eliſha's ſervant cry'd,
When he the Syrian army ſpy'd;
But he was ſoon releas'd from care,
In anſwer to the prophet's pray'r.

2 Straightway he ſaw, with other eyes,
A greater army from the ſkies;
A fiery guard around the hill,
Thus are the ſaints preſerved ſtill.

3 When Satan and his hoſt appear,
Like him of old, I faint and fear;
Like him, by faith, with joy I ſee,
A greater hoſt engag'd for me.

4 The

4 The saints espouse my cause by pray'r,
The angels make my soul their care;
Mine is the promise seal'd with blood,
And JESUS lives to make it good.

I. CHRONICLES.

XLI. *Faith's review and expectation.* Chap. xvii. 16, 17.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The LORD has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But GOD who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

NEHEMIAH.

XLII. *The joy of the* LORD *is your ſtrength.* Chap. ix. 10.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren ſoil;
All we can boaſt till CHRIST we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the LORD has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour ſeen by faith,
A ſenſe of pard'ning love;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like thoſe above.

4 To take a glimpſe within the vail,
To know that GOD is mine;
Are ſprings of joy that never fail,
Unſpeakable! divine!

5 Theſe are the joys which ſatisfy,
And ſanctify the mind;
Which make the ſpirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the LORD's;
Reſign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

JOB.

XLIII. *O that I were as in months paſt!* Chap. xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when firſt I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood

Apply'd to cleanſe my ſoul from guilt,
And bring me home to GOD.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praiſes tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning ſhades prevail'd,
His love was all my ſong.

3 In vain the tempter ſpread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's ſmiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r my ſoul drew near the LORD,
And ſaw his glory ſhine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promiſe mine.

5 Then to his ſaints I often ſpoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almoſt broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the evening ſhade prevails,
My ſoul in darkneſs mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noiſe,
For JESUS hides his face;
I read, the promiſe meets my eyes,
But will not reach my caſe.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my ſoul his prey;
Yet, LORD, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

XLIV. *The change* (x).

1 SAviour ſhine and ch er my ſoul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded ſpirit whole,
Far away the temper drive:

(x) *Book* II. *Hymn* 34, *and Book* III. *Hymn* 86

Speak

Speak the word and ſet me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

2 Shall I ſigh and pray in vain,
Wilt thou ſtill refuſe to hear;
Wilt thou not return again,
Muſt I yield to black deſpair?
Thou haſt taught my heart to pray,
Canſt thou turn thy face away?

3 Once I thought my mountain ſtrong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move;
Then thy grace was all my ſong,
Then my ſoul was fill'd with love:
Thoſe were happy golden days,
Sweetly ſpent in pray'r and praiſe.

4 When my friends have ſaid, "Beware,
Soon or late you'll find a change;"
I could ſee no cauſe for fear,
Vain their caution ſeem'd and ſtrange:
Not a cloud obſcur'd my ſky,
Could I think a tempeſt nigh?

5 Little, then, myſelf I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I find their words were true,
Now I feel the ſtormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has chang'd my day to night.

6 Satan aſks, and mocks my woe,
"Boaſter, where is now your GOD?"
Silence, LORD, this cruel foe,
Let him know I'm bought with blood:
Tell him, ſince I know thy name,
Tho' I change, thou art the ſame.

PSALMS.

XLV. *Pleading for mercy.* Psalm vi.

1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my GOD!
My spirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

2 Have mercy, LORD, for I am weak,
Regard my heavy groans;
O let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones!

3 By day, my busy beating head
Is fill'd with anxious fears;
By night, upon my restless bed,
I weep a flood of tears.

4 Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief;
How long, my LORD, ere thou return,
And bring my soul relief?

5 O come and shew thy pow'r to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

6 Satan, my cruel envious foe,
Insults me in my pain;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope in vain.

7 But hence, thou enemy, depart!
Nor tempt me to despair,
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
The LORD has heard my pray'r.

XLVI. *None upon earth I desire besides thee.* Psal. lxxiii. 25.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When JESUS no longer I see;

Sweet

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

XLVII. *The believer's safety.* Psal. xci.

1 INcarnate God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious pow'r;
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love,
To feeble helpless worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and storms.

3 In vain the fowler spreads his net,
To draw them from thy care;
Thy timely call instructs their feet,
To shun the artful snare.

4 When like a baneful pestilence,
Sin mows its thousands down;
On ev'ry side without defence,
Thy grace secures thine own.

5 No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day;
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
If found in duty's way.

6 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms;
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

7 The angel's LORD, himself is nigh,
To them that love his name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

8 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear?

XLVIII. *Another.*

1 THAT man no guard or weapons needs,
Whose heart the blood of JESUS knows;
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Thro' burning sands or mountain snows.

2 Releas'd from guilt he feels no fear;
Redemption is his shield and tow'r;

He

He sees his Saviour always near
To help, in ev'ry trying hour.

3 Tho' I am weak and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries;
When JESUS is my shield and song,
Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

4 His love possessing I am blest,
Secure whatever change may come;
Whether I go to East or West,
With him I still shall be at home.

5 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
Tho' winter reigns with rigor there;
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.

6 Or if the deserts sun-burnt soil,
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove;
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

XLIX. *He led them a right way.* Psal. cvii. 7.

1 WHEN Israel, was from Egypt freed,
The LORD, who brought them out,
Help'd them in ev'ry time of need,
But led them round about (*y*).

2 To enter Canaan soon they hop'd,
But quickly chang'd their mind;
When the Red-Sea their passage stopp'd,
And Pharoah march'd behind.

3 The desart fill'd them with alarms,
For water and for food;
And Amalek, by force of arms,
To check their progress stood.

4 They often murmur'd by the way,
Because they judg'd by sight;

But

(*y*) *Exodus* xiii. 17.

But were at length conſtrain'd to ſay
The LORD had led them right.

5 In the Red-ſea that ſtopp'd them firſt,
Their enemies were drown'd;
The rocks gave water for their thirſt,
And manna ſpread the ground.

6 By fire and cloud their way was ſhown
Acroſs the pathleſs ſands;
And Amalek was overthrown,
By Moſes' lifted hand.

7 The way was right their hearts to prove,
To make GOD's glory known;
And ſhew his wiſdom, pow'r and love,
Engag'd to ſave his own.

8 Juſt ſo the true believer's path,
Thro' many dangers lies;
Tho' dark to ſenſe, 'tis right to faith,
And leads us to the ſkies.

L. *What ſhall I render* (z). Pſal. cxvi. 12, 13.

1 FOR mercies, countleſs as the ſands
Which daily I receive
From JESUS, my Redeemer's hands,
My ſoul what canſt thou give?

2 Alas! from ſuch a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My beſt is ſtain'd and dy'd with ſin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make,
For all he has beſtow'd;
Salvation's ſacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my GOD.

4 The beſt returns for one like me,
So wretched and ſo poor:
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And aſk him ſtill for more.

5 I

(z) *Book* III. *Hymn* 67.

5 I canot ſerve him as I ought,
No works have I to boaſt;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I ſhall owe him moſt.

LI. *Dwelling in Meſech.* Pſal. cxx. 5---7.

1 WHAT a mournful life is mine,
Fill'd with croſſes, pains and cares!
Ev'ry work defil'd with ſin,
Ev'ry ſtep beſet with ſnares!

2 If alone I penſive ſit,
I myſelf can hardly bear;
If I paſs along the ſtreet,
Sin and riot triumph there.

3 JESUS! how my heart is pain'd,
How it mourns for ſouls deceiv'd!
When I hear thy name profan'd,
When I ſee thy Spirit griev'd!

4 When thy childrens' griefs I view,
Their diſtreſs becomes my own;
All I hear, or ſee, or do,
Makes me tremble, weep and groan.

5 Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Saviour's voice;
"Thou haſt cauſe to mourn for ſin,
But in me thou may'ſt rejoice."

6 This kind word diſpell'd my grief,
Put to ſilence my complaints;
Tho' of ſinners I am chief,
He has rank'd me with his ſaints.

7 Tho' conſtrain'd to dwell awhile
Where the wicked ſtrive and brawl;
Let them frown, ſo he but ſmile,
Heav'n will make amends for all.

8 There, believers, we ſhall reſt
Free from ſorrow, ſin and fears;

Nothing

Nothing there our peace moleſt,
Thro' eternal rounds of years.

9 Let us then the fight endure,
See our Captain looking down;
He will make the conqueſt ſure,
And beſtow the promis'd crown.

PROVERBS.

LII. (c) *Wiſdom.* Chap. viii. 22—31.

1 ERE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me, from everlaſting,
The wonderful I AM,
Found pleaſures never waſting,
And wiſdom is my name.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He ſpread the ſkies abroad;
And ſwath'd about the ſwelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought by weight and meaſure,
And I was with him then;
Myſelf the Father's pleaſure,
And mine, the ſons of men.

3 Thus wiſdom's word diſcover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlaſting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye ſurvey'd us,
Ere ſtars were ſeen above;
In wiſdom thou haſt made us,
And dy'd for us in love.

4 And

4 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we!
Who, when we saw thee slighted
And nail'd thee to a tree!
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner I am thine!

LIII. *A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.* Chap. xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend
His love is beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our JESUS dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to GOD
This was boundless love indeed!
JESUS is a friend in need.

3 Men, when rais'd to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Tho' they valu'd them before:
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeem'd with groans.

4 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

5 Could we bear from one another,
What he daily bears from us?

Yet

Yet this glorious Friend and Brother,
Loves us tho' we treat him thus:
Tho' for good we render *ill*,
He accounts us Brethren ſtill.

6 Oh! for grace our hearts to ſoften!
Teach us, LORD, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our ſouls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

ECCLESIASTES.

LIV. *Vanity of life* (*a*). Chap. i. 2.

1 THE evils that beſet our path
Who can prevent our cure?
We ſtand upon the brink of death,
When moſt we ſeem ſecure.

2 If we to-day ſweet peace poſſeſs,
It ſoon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in diſtreſs,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Diſeaſe and pain invade our health,
And find an eaſy prey;
And oft, when leaſt expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

4 A fever or a blow can ſhake
Our wiſdom's boaſted rule;
And of the brighteſt genus make
A madman or a fool.

5 The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain;
A worm unſeen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

(*a*) *Book* II. *Hymn* 6.

Unfa-

6 I pity those who seek no more
Than such a world can give;
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.

7 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
LORD wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

LV. (c) *Vanity of the World.*

1 GOD gives his mercies to be spent;
Your hoard will do your soul no good;
Gold is a blessing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

2 The world's esteem is but a bribe,
To buy their peace you sell your own;
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

3 The joy that vain amusements give,
Oh! sad conclusion that it brings!
The honey of a crouded hive,
Defended by a thousand stings.

4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treach'rous smiles;
She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

5 GOD knows the thousands who go down
From pleasure, into endless woe;
And with a long despairing groan,
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

6 O fearful thought! be timely wise;
Delight but in a Saviour's charms;
And GOD shall take you to the skies,
Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

LVI. *Vanity of the creature sanctified.*

1 HONEY tho' the bee prepares,
An envenom'd sting he wears:
Piercing thorns a guard compose
Round the fragrant blooming rose.

2 Where we think to find a sweet,
Oft a painful sting we meet:
When the rose invites our eye,
We forget the thorn is nigh.

3 Why are thus our hopes beguil'd;
Why are all our pleasures spoil'd?
Why do agony and woe
From our choicest comforts grow?

4 Sin has been the cause of all!
'Twas not thus before the fall:
What but pain, and thorn, and sting,
From the root of sin can spring?

5 Now with ev'ry good we find
Vanity and grief entwin'd;
What we feel, or what we fear,
All our joys embitter here.

6 Yet, thro' the Redeemer's love,
These afflictions blessings prove;
He the wounding stings and thorns,
Into healing med'cines turns.

7 From the earth our hearts they wean,
Teach us on his arm to lean;
Urge us to a throne of grace,
Make us seek a resting place.

8 In the mansions of our King
Sweets abound without a sting;
Thornless there the roses blow,
And the joys unmingled flow.

SOLOMON's

SOLOMON's SONG.

LVII. *The name of* JESUS. Chap. i. 3.

1 HOW sweet the name of JESUS sounds,
In a believer's ear?
It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding place;
My never failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with ſin defil'd;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 JESUS! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath:
And may the muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

ISAIAH.

LVIII. (c) O Lord, *I will praise thee!* Chap. xii.

1 I Will praise thee ev'ry day
Now thine anger's turn'd away!
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here in the fair gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plentious store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength:
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name.
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

LIX. *The Refuge, River, and Rock of the Church.* Chap. xxxii. 2.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains;
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will,

3 While

3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms;
Affords a hiding-place and shield,
From enemies and storms.

5 This land, thro' which his pilgrim's go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow
Their thirst to satisfy.

6 When troubles like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head;
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

7 How glorious he! how happy they
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

LX. *Zion, or the city of* God (*b*). Chap. xxxiii. 20, 21.

1 GLorious things of thee are spoken (*c*),
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode (*d*):
On the rock of ages founded (*e*)
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded (*f*)
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See

(*b*) *Book* II. *Hymn* 24.
(*c*) *Psalm* lxxxvii. 3. (*d*) *Psalm* cxxxii. 14.
(*e*) *Matt.* xvi. 16. (*f*) *Isaiah* xxvi. 1.

2 See! the ſtreams of living waters
Springing from eternal love *(g)*;
Well ſupply thy ſons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while ſuch a river
Ever flows their thirſt t' aſſuage?
Grace, which like the LORD, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear *(b)*!
For a glory, and a cov'ring,
Shewing that the LORD is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and ſhade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Bleſt inhabitants of Zion,
Waſh'd in the Redeemer's blood!
JESUS, whom their ſouls rely on,
Makes them kings and prieſts to GOD *(i)*:
'Tis his love his people raiſes
Over ſelf to reign as kings,
And as prieſts, his ſolemn praiſes
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleaſure,
All his boaſted pomp and ſhow;
Solid joys and laſting treaſure,
None but Zion's children know.

LXI. *Look*

(g) Pſalm xlvi. 4. *(b) Iſaiah* iv. 5, 6.
(i) Rev. i. 6.

LXI. *Look unto me, and be ye saved.* Chap. xlv. 22.

1 AS the serpent rais'd by Moses (*k*)
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite;
JESUS thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight;
Hear his gracious invitation,
"I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner look to me and live.

2 Pore upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt;
But my love than death is stronger,
I my blood have freely spilt:
Tho' your heart has long been harden'd,
Look on me—it soft shall grow:
Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
And I'll wash you white as snow.

3 I have seen what you were doing,
Tho' you little thought of me;
You were madly bent on ruin,
But I said—It shall not be:
You had been for ever wretched,
Had I not espous'd your part:
Now behold my arms outstretched,
To receive you to my heart.

4 Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
All your inward passions move;
I could crush thee with my thunder,
But I speak to thee in love:
See! your sins are all forgiv'n,
I have paid the countless sum!

Now

(*k*) *Numbers* xxi. 9.

Now my death has open'd heav'n,
Thither you ſhall ſhortly come."

5 Deareſt Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each ſtubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning ſentence,
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canſt give repentance,
Thou alone our ſouls can heal.

LXII. *The good Phyſician.*

1 HOW loſt was my condition,
Till JESUS made me whole!
There is but one phyſician
Can cure a ſin-ſick ſoul!
Next door to death he found me,
And ſnatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to ſave.

2 The worſt of all diſeaſes
Is light, compar'd with ſin;
On ev'ry part it ſeizes,
But rages moſt within:
'Tis palſy, plague and fever,
And madneſs—all combin'd,
And none but a believer,
The leaſt relief can find.

3 From men great ſkill profeſſing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more diſtreſſing,
And added to my pain:
Some ſaid that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for loſt;

Thus

Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me
And all my hopes were croſs'd.

4 At length this great phyſician,
How matchleſs is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my caſe:
Firſt gave me ſight to view him,
For ſin my eyes had ſeal'd;
Then bid me look unto him;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, riſen JESUS,
Seen by the eye of faith;
At once from danger frees us,
And ſaves the ſoul from death:
Come then to this Phyſician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

LXIII. *To the afflicted, toſſed with tempeſts and not comforted.* Chap. liv. 5, 11.

1 PENSIVE, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what CHRIST the Saviour ſays;
Ev'ry word ſhould joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praiſe;
Yes, he ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee,
May he help thee to believe!
Then thou preſently will ſee,
Thou haſt little cauſe to grieve.

2 "Fear thou not, nor be aſham'd,
All thy ſorrows ſoon ſhall end;
I who heav'n and earth have fram'd,
Am thy huſband and thy friend:
I the High and holy One,
Iſrael's GOD by all ador'd;

As

As thy Saviour will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy LORD.

3 For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was fill'd with pain;
But my mercies I'll renew,
Thou shalt soon rejoice again:
Tho' I seem to hide my face,
Very soon my wrath shall cease;
'Tis but for a moment's space,
Ending in eternal peace.

4 When my peaceful bow appears *(l)*
Painted on the wat'ry cloud:
'Tis to dissipate thy fears,
Left the earth should be o'erflow'd:
'Tis an emblem too of grace,
Of my cov'nent love a sign:
Tho' the mountains leave their place,
Thou shalt be for ever mine.

5 Tho' afflicted, tempest-tos's'd,
Comfortless a while thou art,
Do not think thou canst be lost,
Thou art graven on my heart:
All thy wastes I will repair,
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;
And in thee it shall appear
What a GOD of love can do."

LXIV. (c) *The contrite heart.* Chap. lvii. 15.

1 THE LORD will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious GOD, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;

If

(l) *Gen.* ix. 13, 14,

If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I ſometimes think myſelf inclin'd
To love thee, if I cou'd;
But often feel another mind,
Averſe to all that's good.

4 My beſt deſires are faint and few,
I fain would ſtrive for more;
But when I cry, "My ſtrength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy ſaints are comforted I know,
And love thy houſe of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ach;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

LXV. (c) *The future peace and glory of the church.* Chap. lx. 15—20.

1 HEAR what GOD the LORD hath ſpoken,
O my people faint and few;
Comfortleſs, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Themes of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You ſhall name your walls, ſalvation,
And your gates ſhall all be praiſe.

2 There like ſtreams that feed the garden,
Pleaſures, without end ſhall flow;
For the LORD, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty ſhall beſtow:
Still in undiſturb'd poſſeſſion,
Peace and righteouſneſs ſhall reign;

Never

Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs, for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

JEREMIAH.

LXVI. *Trust of the wicked and the righteous compared.* Chap. xvii. 5—8.

1 AS parched in the barren sands
Beneath a burning sky;
The worthless bramble with'ring stands,
And only grows to die.

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust;
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries his moisture up;
He lives a while, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone;
The soul that trusts in such a friend,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

5 Tho' gourds should wither, cisterns break,
And creature-comforts die;

No

No change his ſolid hope can ſhake,
Or ſtop his ſure ſupply.

6 So thrives and blooms the tree whoſe roots
By conſtant ſtreams are fed;
Array'd in green, and rich in fruits,
It rears its branching head.

7 It thrives tho' rain ſhould be deny'd,
And drought around prevail;
'Tis planted by a river ſide,
Whoſe waters cannot fail.

LXVII. (c) *JEHOVAH our righteouſneſs.* Chap. xxiii. 6.

1 MY God how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itſelf about my praiſe,
And ſlides into my prayer.

2 When I would ſpeak what thou haſt done
To ſave me from my ſin,
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But ſelf-applauſe creeps in.

3 Divine deſire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

4 This heart a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow?
While ſelf upon the ſurface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

5 Let others in the gaudy dreſs
Of fancied merit ſhine;
The LORD ſhall be my righteouſneſs,
The LORD for ever mine.

LXVIII. (c) *EPHRAIM repenting.* Chap. xxxi. 18—20.

1 MY God till I receiv'd thy ſtroke,
How like a beaſt was I;
So unaccuſtom'd to the yoke,
So backward to comply.

2 With grief my juſt reproach I bear,
Shame fills me at the thought;
How frequent my rebellions were!
What wickedneſs I wrought!

3 Thy merciful reſtraint I ſcorn'd,
And left the pleaſant road;
Yet turn me and I ſhall be turn'd,
Thou art the LORD my GOD.

4 Is Ephraim baniſh'd from my thoughts,
Or vile in my eſteem!
No, ſaith the LORD, with all his faults,
I ſtill remember him.

5 Is he a dear and pleaſant child?
Yes, dear and pleaſant ſtill;
Tho' ſin his fooliſh heart beguil'd,
And he withſtood my will.

6 My ſharp rebuke has laid him low,
He ſeeks my face again;
My pity kindles at his woe,
He ſhall not ſeek in vain.

LAMENTATIONS.

LXIX. *The* LORD *is my portion.* Chap. iii. 24.

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And ſearch in vain for bliſs;
The LORD my portion is,
My ſoul is ſatisfy'd at home,

JESUS

2 Jesus, who on his glorious thone
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea;
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
His spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd
And all my wants supply'd. (*m*).

5 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
How much they gain or spend;
Their joys must soon give up the ghost,
But mine shall know no end.

EZEKIEL.

LXX. *Humbled and silenced by mercy.* Chap. xvi. 63.

1 ONCE perishing in blood I lay,
Creatures no help could give;
But Jesus pass'd me in the way,
He saw, and bid me live.

2 Tho' Satan still his rule maintain'd,
And all his arts employ'd;

That

(*m*) *Book* III. *Hymn* 59.

That mighty word his rage restrain'd,
I could not be destroy'd.

3 At length the time of love arriv'd,
When I my LORD should know;
Then Satan, of his pow'r depriv'd,
Was forc'd to let me go.

4 O can I e'er that day forget,
When JESUS kindly spoke!
"Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.

5 Henceforth I take thee for my own,
And give myself to thee;
Forsake the idols thou hast known,
And yield thyself to me."

6 Ah, worthless heart! it promis'd fair,
And said it would be thine;
I little thought it e'er would dare
Again with idols join.

7 LORD, dost thou such backslidings heal,
And pardon all that's past?
Sure, if I am not made of steel,
Thou hast prevail'd at last.

8 My tongue, which rashly spoke before,
This mercy will restrain;
Surely I now shall boast no more,
Nor censure, nor complain.

LXXI. (c) *The Covenant.* Chap. xxxvi. 25—28.

1 THE LORD proclaims his grace abroad!
Behold I change your hearts of stone:
Each shall renounce his idol-god,
And serve, henceforth, the LORD alone.

2 My

2 My grace, a flowing ſtream proceeds,
To waſh your filthineſs away;
Ye ſhall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my ſtatutes to obey.

3 My truth the great deſign inſures,
I give myſelf away to you;
You ſhall be mine, I will be yours,
Your GOD unalterably true.

4 Yet not unſought, or unimplor'd,
The plentious grace ſhall I confer *(n)*;
No—your whole hearts ſhall ſeek the LORD,
I'll put a praying ſpirit there.

5 From the firſt breath of life divine,
Down to the laſt expiring hour;
The gracious work ſhall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my pow'r.

LXXII. (c) *JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH.* Chap. xlviii. 35.

1 AS birds their infant brood protect *(o)*,
And ſpread their wings to ſhelter them;
Thus ſaith the LORD to his elect,
"So will I guard Jeruſalem."

2 And what then is Jeruſalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in GOD's eſteem?
Who built it?—who inhabits there?

3 JEHOVAH founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the ſaints, once foes to GOD,
The ſinners whom he calls his own.

(n) *Vers.* 37. (o) *Iſaiah* xxxi. 5.

4 There, tho' besieg'd on every side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well;
From age to age they have defy'd
The utmost force of earth and hell.

5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is call'd, The LORD is there,
And who has pow'r to drive them thence.

DANIEL.

LXXIII. *The power and triumph of faith.* Chap. iii. 6.

1 SUpported by the word,
Tho' in himself a worm,
The servant of the LORD
Can wond'rous acts perform;
Without dismay he boldly treads
Where'er the path of duty leads.

2 The haughty king in vain,
With fury on his brow,
Believer's would constrain
To golden gods to bow:
The furnace could not make them fear,
Because they knew the LORD was near.

3 As vain was the decree
Which charg'd them not to pray;
Daniel still bow'd his knee,
And worship'd thrice a day.
Trusting in GOD he fear'd not men,
Tho' threaten'd with the lion's den.

4 Secure they might refuse
Compliance with such laws,

For

For what had they to lose,
When GOD espous'd their cause?
He made the hungry lions crouch,
Nor durst the fire *his* children touch.

5 The LORD is still the same,
A mighty shield and tow'r,
And they who trust his name
Are guided by his pow'r;
He can the rage of lions tame,
And bear them harmless thro' the flame.

6 Yet we too often shrink
When trials are in view;
Expecting we must sink,
And never can get thro':
But could we once believe indeed,
From all those fears we should be freed.

LXXIV. *BELSHAZZAR.* Chap. v. 5—6.

1 POOR sinners! little do they think
With whom they have to do!
But stand securely on the brink
Of everlasting woe.

2 Belshazzar thus, profanely bold,
The LORD of hosts defy'd;
But vengeance soon his boasts controll'd,
And humbled all his pride.

3 He saw a hand upon the wall
(And trembled on his throne)
Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall
In characters unknown.

4 Why should he tremble at the view
Of what he could not read?
Foreboding conscience quickly knew
His ruin was decreed.

5 See

5 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep diſtreſs!
His eyes with anguiſh roll;
His looks, and looſen'd joints, expreſs
The terrors of his ſoul.

6 His pomp and muſic, gueſts and wine,
No more delight afford;
O ſinner, e'er this caſe be thine,
Begin to ſeek the LORD.

7 The law like this hand writing ſtands,
And ſpeaks the wrath of GOD (p);
But JESUS anſwers its demands
And cancels it with blood.

JONAH

LXXV. *The gourd.* Chap. iv. 7.

1 AS once for Jonah, ſo the LORD,
To ſooth and cheer my mournful hours,
Prepar'd for me a pleaſing gourd,
Cool was its ſhades, and ſweet its flow'rs.

2 To priſe his gift was ſurely right,
But thro' the folly of my heart,
It hid the giver from my ſight,
And ſoon my joy was chang'd to ſmart.

3 While I admir'd its beauteous form,
Its pleaſant ſhade and grateful fruit;
The LORD diſpleas'd, ſent forth a worm,
Unſeen, to prey upon the root.

4 I trembled when I ſaw it fade,
But guilt reſtrain'd the murm'ring word;

My

(p) *Coloſſians* ii. 14

My folly I confeſs'd, and pray'd,
Forgive my ſin, and ſpare my gourd.

5 His wond'rous love can ne'er be told,
He heard me and reliev'd my pain;
His word the threat'ning worm controll'd,
And bid my gourd revive again.

6 Now, LORD, my gourd is mine no more,
'Tis thine, who only could'ſt it raiſe;
The idol of my heart before,
Henceforth ſhall flouriſh to thy praiſe.

ZECHARIAH

LXXVI. *Prayer for the* LORD's *promiſed preſence.* Chap. ii. 10.

1 SON of GOD! thy people ſhield!
Muſt we ſtill thine abſence mourn?
Let thy promiſe be fulfill'd,
Thou haſt ſaid, "I will return!"

2 Gracious leader, now appear,
Shine upon us with thy light!
Like the ſpring, when thou art near,
Days and ſuns are doubly bright.

3 As a mother counts the days,
Till her abſent ſon ſhe ſee:
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So our ſpirits long for thee.

4 Come, and let us feel thee nigh,
Then thy ſheep ſhall feed in peace;
Plenty bleſs us from on high;
Evil from amongſt us ceaſe.

5 With

5 With thy love, and voice, and aid,
Thou canſt ev'ry care aſſuage;
Then we ſhall not be afraid,
Tho' the world and Satan rage.

6 Thus each day for thee we'll ſpend,
While our callings we purſue;
And the thoughts of ſuch a friend
Shall each night our joy renew.

7 Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn,
Golden days afford us long;
Thus we pray at early dawn,
This ſhall be our ev'ning ſong.

LXXVII. *A brand plucked out of the fire.* Chap. iii. 1—5.

1 WITH Satan, my accuſer near,
My ſpirit trembled when I ſaw
The Lord in majeſty appear,
And heard the language of his law.

2 In vain I wiſh'd and ſtrove to hide
The tatter'd filthy rags I wore;
While my fierce foe, inſulting cry'd,
"See what you truſted in before!"

3 Struck dumb, and left without a plea,
I heard my gracious Saviour ſay,
"Know, Satan, I this ſinner free,
I dy'd to take his ſins away.

4 This is a brand which I in love
To ſave from wrath and ſin deſign;
In vain thy accuſations prove;
I anſwer all and claim him mine."

5 At his rebuke the tempter fled;
Then he remov'd my filthy dreſs;

'Poor

" Poor ſinner, take this robe, he ſaid,
It is thy Saviour's righteouſneſs.

6 And ſee, a crown of life prepar'd!
That I might thus thy head adorn;
I thought no ſhame or ſuff'ring hard,
But wore for thee a crown of thorn."

7 O how I heard theſe gracious words!
They broke and heal'd my heart at once;
Conſtrain'd me to become the LORD's,
And all my idol-gods renounce.

8 Now, Satan, thou haſt loſt thy aim,
Againſt this brand thy threats are vain;
JESUS has pluck'd it from the flame,
And who ſhall put it in again?

LXXVIII. *On one ſtone ſhall be ſeven eyes.* Chap. iii. 9.

1 JESUS CHRIST, the LORD's anointed,
Who his blood for ſinners ſpilt;
Is the Stone by GOD appointed,
And the church is on him built:
He delivers all who truſt him from their guilt.

2 Many eyes at once are fixed
On a perſon ſo divine;
Love, with awful juſtice mixed,
In his great redemption ſhine:
Mighty JESUS! give me leave to call thee mine.

3 By the Father's eye approved,
Lo a voice is heard from Heav'n (q)
" Sinners, this is my beloved,
For your ranſom freely giv'n:
All offences, for his ſake, ſhall be forgiven."

4 Angels with their eyes purſu'd him (r).
When he left his glorious throne;

ith

(q) *Matt.* iii. 17. (r) 1 *Tim.* iii. 16.

With aſtoniſhment they view'd him
Put the form of ſervant on :
Angels worſhip'd him who was on earth unknown,

5 Satan and his hoſt amazed,
Saw this ſtone in Zion laid ;
Jesus, tho' to death abaſed,
Bruis'd the ſubtle ſerpent's head (*s*)
When to ſave us, on the croſs his blood he ſhed.

6 When a guilty ſinner ſees him,
While he looks his ſoul is heal'd ;
Soon this ſight from anguiſh frees him,
And imparts a pardon ſeal'd (*t*)
May this Saviour be to all our hearts reveal'd.

7 With deſire and admiration,
All his blood-bought flock behold ;
Him who wrought out their ſalvation,
And enclos'd them in his fold (*u*) :
Yet their warmeſt love and praiſes are too cold.

8 By the eye of carnal reaſon,
Many view him with diſdain (*x*)
How will they abide the ſeaſon,
When he'll come with all his train ?
To eſcape him then they'll wiſh, but wiſh in vain.

9 How their hearts will melt and tremble,
When they hear his awful voice (*y*) ;
But his ſaints he'll then aſſemble,
As his portion and his choice ;
And receive them to his everlaſting joys.

LXXIX. (c) *Praiſe for the fountain opened.* Chap. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins :
And ſinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The

(*s*) *John* xii. 31. (*t*) *Job* iii. 15. (*u*) 1 *Pet.* ii. 7.
(*x*) *Pſalm* cxviii. 22. (*y*) *Rev.* i. 7.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of GOD
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 LORD, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward.
A golden Harp for me!

7 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine;
To sound, in GOD the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

MALACHI.

LXXX. *They shall be mine, saith the* LORD. Chap. iii. 16—18.

1 WHEN sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame;
The LORD, well pleas'd, an ear affords
To those who fear his name.

2 They often meet to ſeek his face,
And what they do, or ſay,
Is noted in his book of grace
Againſt another day.

3 For they by faith a day deſcry,
And joyfully expect,
When he, deſcending from the ſky,
His jewels will collect.

4 Unnotic'd now, becauſe unknown,
A poor and ſuffering few;
He comes to claim them for his own;
And bring them forth to view.

5 With tranſport then their Saviour's care
And favor they ſhall prove;
As tender parents guard and ſpare
The children of their love.

6 Aſſembled worlds will then diſcern
The ſaints alone are bleſt;
When wrath ſhall like an oven burn,
And vengeance ſtrike the reſt.

MATTHEW.

LXXXI. *The Beggar.* Chap. vii. 7, 8.

1 ENcourag'd by thy word
Of promiſe to the poor;
Behold, a beggar, LORD,
waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O LORD, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's uſual plea
Relief from men to gain,

If

If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'ſt diſdain;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are ſuch as men would ſcorn to hear.

3 I have no right to ſay,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I poſſeſſed more.
Thou know'ſt that from my very birth,
Iv'e been the pooreſt wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profeſs
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my diſtreſs,
My wants have been but few:
If thou ſhouldſt leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It would be what I well deſerve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often haſt reliev'd my pain,
And often I muſt come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a dog as I;
No leſs than children's food
My ſoul can ſatisfy;
O do not frown and bid me go,
I muſt have all thou canſt beſtow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.

8 Thy

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wise!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend (z):
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But GOD receives a beggar's pray'r.

LXXXII. *The Leper.* Chap. viii. 2, 3.

1 OFT as the leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can heal.

2 A while I would have pass'd for well,
And strove my spots to hide;
Till it broke out incurable,
Too plain to be deny'd.

3 Then from the saints I sought to flee,
And dreaded to be seen;
I thought they all would point at me,
And cry, "Unclean, unclean!"

4 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.

5 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
The Saviour passing by;
To him, tho' fill'd with shame and awe,
I rais'd my mournful cry.

6 LORD, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do;
O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew!

(x) *Isaiah* lv. 8, 9.

7 He

7 He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounc'd the healing word:
"I will—be clean," and while he ſpoke
I felt my health reſtor'd.

8 Come lepers, ſeize the preſent hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He *can* relieve, for he is pow'r,
He *will*, for he is love.

LXXXIII. *A ſick Soul.* Chap. ix. 12.

1 PHYSICIAN of my ſin-ſick ſoul,
To thee I bring my caſe;
My raging malady controul,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Pity the anguiſh I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

3 I would diſcloſe my whole complaint,
But where ſhall I begin?
No words of mine ſhall fully paint
That worſt diſtemper, ſin.

4 It lies not in a ſingle part,
But thro' my frame is ſpread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palſy in my head.

5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
And overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear and ſhame.

6 A thouſand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breaſt;
Which indiſpoſe me for my food,
And rob me of my reſt.

7 Lord I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free:
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

LXXXIV. *Satan returning.* Chap. xii. 43—45.

1 WHEN Jesus claims the sinner's heart,
Where Satan rul'd before;
The evil spirit must depart,
And dares return no more.

2 But when he goes without constraint,
And wanders from his home;
Altho' withdrawn 'tis but a feint,
He means again to come.

3 Some outward change perhaps is seen
If Satan quit the place;
But tho' the house seems swept and clean,
'Tis destitute of grace.

4 Except the Saviour dwell and reign,
Within the sinner's mind;
Satan, when he returns again,
Will easy entrance find.

5 With rage and malice seven fold,
He then resumes his sway;
No more by checks to be controll'd,
No more to go away.

6 The sinner's former state was bad,
But worse the latter far;
He lives possessed, blind and mad,
And dies in dark despair.

7 Lord save me from this dreadful end!
And from this heart of mine,
O drive and keep away the fiend
Who fears no voice but thine.

LXXXV. (c) *The Sower.* Chap. xiii. 3.

1 YE ſons of earth prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground!
The ſower is gone forth to ſow,
And ſcatter bleſſings round.

2 The ſeed that finds a ſtony ſoil,
Shoots forth a haſty blade;
But ill repays the ſower's toil,
Soon wither'd, ſcorch'd, and dead.

3 The thorny ground is ſure to baulk
All hopes of harveſt there:
We find a tall and ſickly ſtalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

4 The beaten path, and high-way ſide
Receive the truſt in vain;
The watchful birds the ſpoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

5 But where the LORD of grace and pow'r
Has bleſs'd the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden ſtore
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the ſame hand that gives the ſeed
Provide a fruitful-place.

LXXXVI. *The wheat and tares.* Chap. xiii. 37—42.

1 THO' in the outward church below
The wheat and tares together grow;
JESUS ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares, in anger, up,

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their ſtations here?

How

How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long amongſt the wheat they grew!

3 Oh! this will aggravate their caſe!
They periſh under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith,
Became an inſtrument of death.

4 We ſeem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers migh think we all are wheat;
But to the Lord's all-ſearching eyes,
Each heart appears without diſguiſe.

5 The tares are ſpar'd for various ends,
Some, for the ſake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, againſt their will,
Employs his councils to fulfil.

6 But tho' they grow ſo tall and ſtrong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harveſt, when he ſaves his own,
The tares ſhall into hell be thrown.

LXXXVII. *Peter walking upon the water.* Chap. xiv. 28—31.

1 A Word from Jesus calms the ſea,
The ſtormy wind controls;
And gives repoſe and liberty
To tempeſt-toſſed ſouls.

2 To Peter on the waves he came,
And gave him inſtant peace;
Thus he to me reveal'd his name,
And bid my ſorrows ceaſe.

3 Then fill'd with wonder, joy, and love,
Peter's requeſt was mine;
Lord, call me down, I long to prove,
That I am wholly thine.

4 Unmov'd

4 Unmov'd at all I have to meet
On life's tempeſtuous ſea;
Hard, ſhall be eaſy; bitter ſweet,
So I may follow thee.

5 He heard and ſmil'd, and bid me try,
I eagerly obey'd;
But when from him I turn'd my eye,
How was my ſoul diſmay'd!

6 The ſtorm increas'd on ev'ry ſide,
I felt my ſpirit ſhrink;
And ſoon, with Peter, loud I cry'd,
"LORD ſave me, or I ſink."

7 Kindly he caught me by the hand,
And ſaid, "Why doſt thou fear?"
Since thou art come at my command,
And I am always near.

Upon my promiſe reſt thy hope,
And keep my love in view;
I ſtand engag'd to hold the up,
And guide thee ſafely through.

LXXXVIII. *Woman of Canaan.* Chap. xv. 22—28.

1 PRAY'R an anſwer will obtain,
Tho' the LORD a while delay;
None ſhall ſeek his face in vain,
None be empty ſent away.

2 When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to JESUS ſought;
Tho' he granted her deſire,
Yet at firſt he anſwer'd not.

3 Could ſhe gueſs at his intent,
When he to his follow'rs ſaid,
"I to Iſrael's ſheep am ſent,
Dogs muſt not have children's bread."

4 She

4 She was not of Israel's seed,
But of Canaan's wretched race;
Thought herself a dog indeed;
Was not this a hopeless case?

5 Yet altho' from Canaan sprung,
Tho' a dog herself she stil'd;
She had Israel's faith and tongue,
And was own'd for Abraham's child.

6 From his words she draws a plea;
'Tho' unworthy children's bread,
"'Tis enough for one like me,
If with crumbs I may be fed."

7 Jesus then his heart reveal'd,
"Woman canst thou thus believe?
I to thy petition yield,
All that thou canst wish, receive."

8 'Tis a pattern set for us,
How we ought to wait and pray;
None who plead and wrestle thus
Shall be empty sent away.

LXXXIX. *What think ye of* Christ? Chap. xxii. 42.

1 WHAT think you of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath are your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost:

So guilty, so helpless, am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is GOD.

3 Some call him a saviour, in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light
(A little they own they may fail)
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting his name in the scale.

4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him betray;
Ah! what will profession like this
Avail in his terrible day?

5 If ask'd what of JESUS I think?
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor;
I say, he's my meet and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store;
My shepherd, my Husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my LORD, and my all.

XC. *The foolish virgins (a).* Chap. xxv. 1.

1 WHEN descending from the sky
The bridegroom shall appear;
And the solemn midnight cry,
Shall call professors near;

How

(a) *Book* III. *Hymn* 72.

How the ſound our hearts will damp !
How will ſhame o'erſpread each face !
If we only have a lamp,
Without the oil of grace.

2 Fooliſh Virgins then will wake
And ſeek for a ſupply ;
But in vain the pains they take
To borrow or to buy :
Then with thoſe they now deſpiſe,
Earneſtly they'll wiſh to ſhare ;
But the beſt among the wiſe,
Will have no oil to ſpare.

3 Wiſe are they, and truly bleſt,
Who then ſhall ready be !
But deſpair will ſeize the reſt,
And dreadful miſery :
Once, they'll cry, we ſcorn'd to doubt,
Tho' in lies our truſt we put ;
Now our lamp of hope is out,
The door of mercy ſhut.

4 If they then preſume to plead,
"Lord, open to us now ;
We on earth have heard and pray'd,
And with thy ſaints did bow :"
He will anſwer from his throne,
" Tho' you with my people mix'd,
Yet to me you ne'er were known,
Depart, your doom is fix'd."

5 O that none who worſhip here
May hear that word, depart !
Lord, impreſs a godly fear
On each profeſſor's heart :
Help us, Lord, to ſearch the camp,
Let us not ourſelves beguile ;
Truſting to a dying lamp,
Without a ſtock of oil.

XCI. *Peter ſinning and repenting.*
Chap. xxvi. 73.

1 WHEN Peter boaſted, ſoon he fell,
Yet was by grace reſtor'd;
His caſe ſhould be regarded well
By all who fear the LORD.

2 A voice it has, and helping hand,
Backſliders to recall;
And cautions thoſe who think they ſtand,
Leſt ſuddenly they fall.

3 He ſaid, "Whatever others do,
With JESUS I'll abide;"
Yet ſoon amidſt a murd'rous crew
His ſuff'ring LORD deny'd.

4 He who had been ſo bold before,
Now trembled like a leaf;
Not only ly'd, but curs'd and ſwore,
To gain the more belief.

5 While he blaſphem'd, he heard the cock,
And JESUS look'd in love;
At once, as if by light'ning ſtruck,
His tongue forbore to move.

6 Deliver'd thus from Satan's ſnare,
He ſtarts, as from a ſleep;
His Saviour's look he could not bear,
But haſted forth to weep.

7 But ſure the faithful cock had crow'd
A hundred times in vain,
Had not the LORD that look beſtow'd
The meaning to explain.

8 As I, like Peter, vows have made,
Yet acted Peter's part;
So conſcience, like the cock, upbraids
My baſe, ungreatful heart.

9 Lord Jesus, hear a sinner's cry,
My broken peace renew;
And grant one pitying look, that I
May weep with Peter too.

MARK.

XCII. *The legion dispossessed.* Chap. v. 18, 19.

1 LEGION was my name by nature,
Satan rag'd within my breast;
Never misery was greater,
Never sinner more possess'd:
Mischievous to all around me,
To myself the greatest foe;
Thus I was, when Jesus found me,
Fill'd with madness, sin and woe.

2 Yet in this forlorn condition,
When he came to set me free;
I reply'd, to my physician,
"What have I to do with thee?"
But he would not be prevented,
Rescu'd me against my will;
Had he staid till I consented,
I had been a captive still.

3 "Satan, tho' thou fain wouldst have it,
Know, this soul is none of thine;
I have shed my blood to save it,
Now I challenge it for mine *(b)*:
Tho' it long has thee resembled,
Henceforth it shall me obey;"
Thus he spoke, while Satan trembled,
Gnash'd his teeth and fled away.

4 Thus my frantic soul he healed,
Bid my sins and sorrows cease;

"Take

(b) Book III. *Hymn* 54.

"Take, said he, my pardon sealed,
I have sav'd thee, go in peace:"
Rather take me, LORD, to heaven,
Now thy love and grace I know;
Since thou hast my sins forgiven,
Why should I remain below!

5 "Love, he said, will sweeten labours,
Thou hast something yet to do;
Go and tell your friends and neighbours,
What my love has done for you:
Live to manifest my glory,
Wait for heav'n a little space;
Sinners, when they hear thy story,
Will repent and seek my face."

XCIII. *The ruler's daughter raised.* Chap. v. 39—42.

1 COULD the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of pray'r;
Few, if any, come to JESUS,
Till reduc'd to self-despair:
Long we either slight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try,
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry.

2 Thus the ruler when his daughter
Suffer'd much, tho' CHRIST was nigh,
Still deferr'd it, till he thought her
At the very point to die:
Tho' he mourn'd for her condition,
He did not intreat the LORD,
Till he found that no physician
But himself, could help afford.

3 JESUS did not once upbraid him,
That he had no sooner come;

But

But a gracious anſwer made him,
And went ſtraitway with him home:
Yet his faith was put to trial,
When his ſervants came, and ſaid,
"Tho' he gave thee no denial,
'Tis too late, the child is dead."

4 Jesus, to prevent his grieving,
Kindly ſpoke and eas'd his pain;
"Be not fearful, but believing,
Thou ſhalt ſee her live again:
When he found the people weeping,
"Ceaſe, he ſaid, no longer mourn;
For ſhe is not dead, but ſleeping,"
Then they laughed him to ſcorn.

5 O thou meek and lowly Saviour,
How determin'd is thy love!
Not this rude unkind behaviour,
Could thy gracious purpoſe move;
Soon as he the room had enter'd
Spoke, and took her by the hand;
Death at once his prey ſurrender'd,
And ſhe liv'd at his command.

6 Fear not then, diſtreſs'd believer,
Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is ſtill the ſame:
Can his pity or his power,
Suffer thee to pray in vain;
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy ſuit thou ſhalt obtain.

XCIV. *But one loaf* (*c*). Chap. viii. 14.

1 WHEN the diſciples croſs'd the lake
With but one loaf on board;
How ſtrangely did their hearts miſtake
The caution of the Lord.

2 "The

2 "The leaven of the Pharisees
Beware," the Saviour said;
They thought, it is because he sees
We have forgotten bread.

3 It seems they had forgotten too,
What their own eyes had view'd;
How with what scarce suffic'd for few,
He fed a multitude.

4 If five small loves, by his command,
Could many thousands serve;
Might they not trust his gracious hand,
That they should never starve!

5 They oft his pow'r and love had known,
And doubtless were to blame;
But we have reason good to own
That we are just the same.

6 How often has he brought relief,
And ev'ry want supply'd?
Yet soon, again, our unbelief
Says, "Can the LORD provide?"

7 Be thankful for one loaf to-day,
Tho' that be all your store;
To-morrow, if you trust and pray,
Shall timely bring you more.

XCV. *BARTIMEUS.* Chap. x. 47—48.

1 "MERCY; O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid:
Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Tho' by begging us'd to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms, which none but he could give:
"Lord remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;"
Strait he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found:
Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me!
Surely, would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

XCVI. (c) *The house of prayer.* Chap. xi. 17.

1 THY mansion is the christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

2 Devoted as it is to thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.

3 There too a sharp designing trade
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade
To part with ease and purchase pain.

4 I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd,
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I wou'd,

5 Oh!

5 Oh! for the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves,
A calm delightful house of pray'r.

6 And if thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abas'd will I adore;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give thee what was thine before.

XCVII. *The blasted fig-tree.* Chap xi. 20.

1 ONE awful word which JESUS spoke,
Against the tree which bore no fruit;
More piercing than the ligt'ning's stroke,
Blasted and dry'd it to the root.

2 But could a tree the LORD offend,
To make him show his anger thus?
He surely had a farther end,
To be a warning-word to us.

3 The fig-tree by its leaves was known,
But having not a fig to show;
It brought a heavy sentence down,
"Let none hereafter on thee grow."

4 Too many, who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan blinds and sin deceives;
We to this fig-tree may compare,
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

5 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.

6 Without the fruit the LORD expects,
Knowledge will make our state the worse;
The barren trees he still rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse.

7 O LORD,

7 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r
On each of us thy Spirit send;
That we the fruits of grace may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

LUKE.

XCVIII. *The two debtors.* Chap. vii. 47.

1 ONCE a woman silent stood
While Jesus sat at meat;
From her eyes she pour'd a flood
To wash his sacred feet:
Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd her mind;
That she ere so vile could prove,
Yet now forgiveness find.

2 "How came this vile woman here?
Will Jesus notice such?
Sure, if he a prophet were,
He would disdain her touch!"
Simon thus with scornful heart,
Slighted one whom Jesus lov'd;
But her Saviour took her part,
And thus his pride reprov'd.

3 "If two men in debt were bound,
One less, the other more;
Fifty, or five hundred pound,
And both alike were poor;
Should the lender both forgive,
When he saw them both distress'd;
Which of them would you believe
Engag'd to love him best?

4 "Surely

4 "Surely he who moſt did owe,"
The Phariſee reply'd;
Then our LORD, "by judging ſo,
Thou doſt for her decide:
Simon, if like her you knew,
How much you forgiveneſs need;
You like her had acted too,
And welcom'd me indeed.

5 "When the load of ſin is felt,
And much forgiveneſs known;
Then the heart of courſe will melt,
Tho' hard before as ſtone:
Blame not then her love and tears,
Greatly ſhe in debt has been;
But I have remov'd her fears,
And pardon'd all her ſin."

6 When I read this woman's caſe,
Her love and humble zeal;
I confeſs, with ſhame of face,
My heart is made of ſteel.
Much has been forgiv'n to me,
JESUS paid my heavy ſcore;
What a creature muſt I be,
That I can love no more!

XCIX. *The good Samaritan.* Chap. x. 33—35.

1 HOW kind the good Samaritan
To him who fell among the thieves!
Thus JESUS pities fallen man,
And heals the wounds the ſoul receives.

2 Oh! I remember well the day,
When ſorely wounded, nearly ſlain;
Like that poor man I bleeding lay,
And groan'd for help, but groan'd in vain.

3 Men ſaw me in this helpleſs caſe,
And paſs'd without compaſſion by;

Each

Each neigbour turn'd away his face,
Unmoved by my mournful cry.

4 But he whose name had been my scorn,
(As Jews Samaritans despise)
Came, when he saw me thus forlorn,
With love and pity in his eyes.

5 Gently he rais'd me from the ground,
Press'd me to lean upon his arm;
And into ev'ry gaping wound
He pour'd his own all-healing balm.

6 Unto his church my steps he led,
The house prepar'd for sinners lost;
Gave charge I should be cloath'd and fed,
And took upon him all the cost.

7 Thus sav'd from death, from want secur'd,
I wait till he again shall come,
(When I shall be completely cur'd),
And take me to his heav'nly home.

8 There thro' eternal boundless days,
When nature's wheel no longer rolls;
How shall I love, adore, and praise,
This good Samaritan to souls!

C. *MARTHA and MARY.* Chap. x. 38—42.

1 MARTHA her love and joy express'd,
By care to entertain her guest;
While Mary sat to hear her LORD,
And could not bear to lose a word.

2 The principle in both the same,
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim;
The one to feast the LORD was led,
The other waited to be fed.

3 But Mary chose the better part,
Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart;

While

While busy Martha angry grew,
And lost her time and temper too.

4 With warmth she to her sister spoke,
But brought upon herself rebuke;
"One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run?"

5 How oft are we like Martha vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd?
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

6 LORD, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own.

7 Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require!
Gladly I may the rest resign,
If the one needful thing be mine!

CI. *The heart taken.* Chap. xi. 21, 22.

1 THE castle of the human heart
Strong in its native sin;
Is guarded well in every part,
By him who dwells within.

2 For Satan there in arms resides,
And calls the place his own:
With care against assaults provides,
And rules as on a throne.

3 Each traitor thought on him as chief,
In blind obedience waits;
And pride, self-will, and unbelief,
Are posted at the gates.

4 Thus Satan for a season reigns,
And keeps his goods in peace;

The

The ſoul is pleas'd to wear his chains,
Nor wiſhes a releaſe.

But 5 ~~For~~ JESUS ſtronger far than he,
In his appointed hour,
Appears to ſet his people free
From the uſurper's pow'r.

6 "This heart I bought with blood," he ſays,
"And now it ſhall be mine;"
His voice the ſtrong one arm'd diſmays,
He knows he muſt reſign.

7 In ſpite of unbelief and pride,
And ſelf, and Satan's art;
The gates of braſs fly open wide,
And JESUS wins the heart.

8 The rebel ſoul that once withſtood,
The Saviour's kindeſt call;
Rejoices now by grace ſubdu'd,
To ſerve him with her all.

CII. *The worldling.* Chap. xii. 16—21.

1 "MY barns are full, my ſtores increaſe,
And now for many years,
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine eaſe,
Secure from wants and fears."

1 Thus while a worldling boaſted once,
As many now preſume;
He heard the LORD himſelf pronounce,
His ſudden awful doom.

3 "This night, vain fool, thy ſoul muſt paſs
Into a world unknown;
And who ſhall then thy ſtores poſſeſs,
Which thou haſt call'd thine own?"

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly ſcheme
For happineſs below;

Till

Till death disturbs the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

5 Ah! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind;
When torn, by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind.

6 Wretches, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to GOD;
Their dying hour is full of stings,
And hell their dark abode.

7 Dear Saviour make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend;
That we may live above the skies,
When this poor life shall end.

CIII. *The barren Fig-tree.* Chap. xiii. 6—9

1 THE church a garden is,
In which believers stand,
Like ornamental trees
Planted by GOD's own hand:
His spirit waters all their roots,
And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.

2 But other trees there are,
In this inclosure grow;
Which tho' they promise fair,
Have only leaves to show:
No fruits of grace are on them found,
They stand but cumb'rers of the ground.

3 The under gard'ner grieves,
In vain his strength he spends,
For heaps of useless leaves,
Afford him small amends:
He hears the LORD his will make known,
To cut the barren fig-trees down.

4 How difficult his poſt,
What pangs his bowels move,
To find his wiſhes croſs'd,
His labours uſeleſs prove!
His laſt relief, his earneſt pray'r,
"LORD, ſpare them yet another year.

5 "Spare them, and let me try
What farther means may do;
I'll freſh manure apply,
My digging I'll renew;
Who knows but yet they fruit may yield!
If not—'tis juſt they muſt be fell'd."

6 If under means of grace,
No gracious fruits appear;
It is a dreadful caſe,
Tho' GOD may long forbear:
At length he'll ſtrike the threaten'd blow (*d*),
And lay the barren fig-tree low.

CIV. *The prodigal Son.* Chap. XV. 11—24.

1 AFFLICTIONS, tho' they ſeem ſevere,
In mercy oft are ſent;
They ſtopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forc'd him to repent;

2 Altho, he no relenting felt,
Till he had ſpent his ſtore;
His ſtubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him ſore.

3 "What have I gain'd by ſin, he ſaid,
But hunger, ſhame, and fear?
My father's houſe abounds with bread,
While I am ſtarving here.

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;

Unworthy

(*d*) *Book* II. *Hymn* 26.

Unworthy to be call'd his ſon,
I'll ſeek a ſervant's place."

5 His father ſaw him coming back,
He ſaw, and ran, and ſmil'd;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've ſinn'd—but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough, he ſaid,
Rejoice my houſe, my ſon's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 "Now let the fatted calf be ſlain,
And ſpread the news around;
My ſon was dead, but lives again,
Was loſt, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the LORD his love reveals,
To call poor ſinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

CV. *The rich Man and LAZARUS.* Chap. xvi. 19—25.

1 A Worldling ſpent each day
In luxury and ſtate;
While a believer lay,
A beggar at his gate:
Think not the LORD's appointment ſtrange,
Death made a great and laſting change.

2 Death brought the ſaint releaſe
From want, diſeaſe, and ſcorn;
And to the land of peace,
His ſoul, by angels borne,
In Abraham's boſom ſafely plac'd,
Enjoys an everlaſting feaſt.

3 The

3 The rich man alſo dy'd,
And in a moment fell
From all his pomp and pride
Into the flames of hell:
The beggar's bliſs from far beheld,
His ſoul with double anguiſh fill'd.

4 "O Abra'm ſend, he cries,
(But his requeſt was vain)
The beggar from the ſkies
To mitigate my pain!
One drop of water I entreat,
To ſooth my tongue's tormenting heat."

5 Let all who worldly pelf,
And worldly ſpirits have,
Obſerve, each for himſelf,
The anſwer Abra'm gave:
"Remember thou waſt fill'd with good,
While the poor beggar pin'd for food.

6 "Neglected at thy door,
With tears he begg'd his bread;
But now he weeps no more,
His griefs and pains are fled;
His joys eternally will flow,
While thine expire in endleſs woe."

7 Lord, make us truly wiſe,
To chuſe thy people's lot;
And earthly joys deſpiſe,
Which ſoon will be forgot:
The greateſt evil we can fear,
Is to poſſeſs our portion here!

CVI. *The importunate Widow* (e) Chap. xviii. 1—7.

1 OUR Lord, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry ſaint;

Invites

(e) *Book* II. *Hymn* 60.

Invites us by a parable,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we muſt wait till he appear.
And prey, and prey again.

3 Tho' unbelief ſuggeſt,
Why ſhould we longer wait?
He bids us never give him reſt,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without ſupport or friend,
Beſet the unjuſt judge's door,
And gain'd at laſt, her end.

5 For her he little car'd,
As little for the laws;
Nor GOD, nor man, did he regard,
Yet he eſpous'd her cauſe.

6 She urg'd him day and night,
Would no denial take;
At length he ſaid, "I'll do her right,
For my own quiet ſake."

7 And ſhall not JESUS hear
His choſen when they cry?
Yes, tho' he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

8 His nature truth and love,
Engage him on their ſide;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
And can they be deny'd?

9 Then let us earneſt be,
And never faint in pray'r,
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cauſe his care.

CVII. *ZACCHEUS.* Chap. xix. 1—6.

1 ZACCHEUS clim'd the tree,
And thought himself unknown:
But how surpriz'd was he,
When JESUS call'd him down!
The LORD beheld him, tho' conceal'd,
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.

2 Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face;
"Does he my name pronounce,
And does he know my case?
Will JESUS deign with me to dine?
LORD, I, with all I have, am thine."

3 Thus where the gospel's preach'd,
And sinners come to hear;
The hearts of some are reach'd
Before they are aware:
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.

4 'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say;
But how the sinner starts to find
The preacher knows his inmost mind.

5 His long forgotten faults
Are brought again in view,
And all his secret thoughts,
Reveal'd in public too:
Tho' compass'd with a croud about,
The searching word has found him out.

6 While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fills his heart;

He

He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart.
Then like Zaccheus he is bleſt,
And JESUS deigns to be his gueſt.

CVIII. *The Believer's Danger, Safety and Duty.* Chap. xxii. 31, 32.

1 "SIMON, beware! (the Saviour ſaid),
Satan, your ſubtle foe,
Already has his meaſures laid,
Your ſoul to overthrow.

2 "He wants to ſift you all as wheat,
And thinks his vict'ry ſure;
But I his malice will defeat,
My pray'r ſhall faith ſecure."

3 Believers, tremble and rejoice,
Your help and danger view;
This warning has to you a voice,
This promiſe ſpeaks to you.

4 Satan beholds with jealous eye,
Your privilege and joy;
He's always watchful, always nigh,
To tear and to deſtroy.

5 But JESUS lives to intercede,
That faith may ſtill prevail;
He will ſupport in time of need,
And Satan's art ſhall fail.

6 Yet let us not the warning ſlight,
But watchful ſtill be found;
Tho' faith cannot be ſlain in fight,
It may receive a wound.

7 While Satan watches, dare we ſleep;
We muſt our guard maintain;
But, LORD, do thou the city keep,
Or elſe we watch in vain (*f*).

CIX. *Father*

(*f*) *Pſalm* xxvii. 1.

CIX. *Father forgive them.* Chap. xxiii. 34.

1 "FATHER, forgive (the Saviour said),
They know not what they do:"
His heart was mov'd, when thus he pray'd
For me, my friends and you.

2 He saw that as the Jews abus'd
And crucified his flesh;
So he, by us, would be refus'd,
And crucify'd afresh.

3 Thro' love of sin, we long were prone
To act as Satan bid;
But now with grief and shame we own,
We knew not what we did.

4 We knew not the desert of sin,
Nor whom we thus defy'd:
Nor where our guilty souls had been,
If JESUS had not dy'd.

5 We knew not what a law we broke,
How holy, just, and pure!
Nor what a GOD we durst provoke,
But thought ourselves secure.

6 But JESUS all our guilt foresaw,
And shed his precious blood
To satisfy the holy law,
And make our peace with GOD.

7 My sin, dear Saviour, made the bleed,
Yet didst thou pray for me!
I knew not what I did, indeed,
When ignorant of thee.

CX. *The two Malefactors.* Chap. xxiii. 39—43.

1 SOVEREIGN grace has power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;

And

And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardeſt heart will melt.

2 When the LORD was crucify'd,
Two tranſgreſſors with him dy'd;
One with vile blaſpheming tongue,
Scoff'd at JESUS as he hung.

3 Thus he ſpent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Periſh'd as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his caſe;
Faith receiv'd to own the LORD,
Whom the ſcribes and prieſts abhor'd.

5 "LORD, (he pray'd) remember me,
When in glory thou ſhalt be:"
"Soon with me, (the LORD replies)
Thou ſhalt reſt in paradiſe."

6 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchſaf'd in time of need!
Sinners truſt in JESUS' name,
You ſhall find him ſtill the ſame.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the hard'ned thief;
If the goſpel you diſdain,
CHRIST, to you, will die in vain.

JOHN.

CXI. *The Woman of Samaria.* Chap. iv. 28.

1 JESUS, to what didſt thou ſubmit
To ſave thy dear-bought flock from hell!

Like

Like a poor trav'ler, see him sit,
Athirst and weary, by the well.

2 The woman, who for water came,
(What great events on small depend)
Then learn'd the glory of his name,
The well of life, the sinner's friend!

3 Taught from her birth to hate the Jews,
And fill'd with party-pride; at first
Her zeal induc'd her to refuse
Water, to quench the Saviour's thirst.

4 But soon she knew the gift of God,
And Jesus, whom she scorn'd before,
Unask'd, that drink on her bestow'd,
Which whoso tastes shall thirst no more.

5 His words her prejudice remov'd,
Her sin she felt, relief she found;
She saw and heard, believ'd and lov'd,
And ran to tell her neighbours round.

6 O come, this wond'rous man behold!
The promis'd Saviour! this is he,
Whom ancient prophecies foretold,
Born, from our guilt to set us free.

7 Like her, in ignorance content,
I worshipp'd long I knew not what;
Like her, on other things intent,
I found him, when I sought him not.

8 He told me all that e'er I did,
And told me all was pardon'd too;
And now, like her, as he has bid,
I live to point him out to you.

CXII. *The Pool of Bethesda* (*g*) Chap. v. 2—4.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor;

From

(*g*) *Book* III. *Hymn* 7.

From year, to year, my helpleſs ſoul
Has waited for a cure,

2 How often have I ſeen
The healing waters move;
And others round me, ſtepping in
Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very ſame;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at firſt I came.

4 O would the LORD appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languiſh'd here,
And what diſtreſs I feel.

5 How often have I thought
Why ſhould I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have ſought
Is not for ſuch as I.

6 But whether can I go?
There is no other pool
Where ſtreams of ſov'reign virtue flow
To make a ſinner whole.

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait and hope, and try;
Can JESUS hear a ſinner pray,
Yet ſuffer him to die?

8 No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A ſoul, that fain would ſee his face,
To periſh at his feet.

CXIII. *Another.*

1 HERE at Bethesda's pool, the poor,
The wither'd, halt and blind;

With

With waiting hearts expect a cure,
And free admittance find.

2 Here ſtreams of wond'rous virtue flow
To heal a ſin-ſick ſoul;
To waſh the filthy white as ſnow,
And make the wounded whole.

3 The dumb break forth in ſongs of praiſe,
The blind their ſight receive;
The cripple runs in wiſdom's ways,
The dead revive and live!

4 Reſtrain'd to no one caſe, or time,
Theſe waters always move;
Sinners in every age and clime,
Their vital influence prove.

5 Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief;
With life in view they pine and die
In hopeleſs unbelief.

6 'Tis ſtrange they ſhould refuſe to bathe
And yet frequent the pool;
But none can even wiſh for faith,
While love of ſin bears rule.

7 Satan their conſciences has ſeal'd,
And ſtupify'd their thought;
For were they willing to be heal'd,
The cure would ſoon be wrought.

8 Do thou, dear Saviour, interpoſe,
Their ſtubborn wills conſtrain;
Or elſe to them the water flows,
And grace is preach'd in vain.

CXIV. *The diſciples at Sea* (*b*). Chap. vi. 16—21.

1 COnſtrain'd by their Lord to embark,
And venture, without him, to ſea;

How

(*b*) *Book* II. *Hymn* 83.

The season tempestuous and dark,
How griev'd the disciples must be!
But tho' he remain'd on the shore,
He spent the night for them in pray'r;
They still were as safe as before,
And equally under his care.

2 They strove, tho' in vain, for a while,
The force of the waves to withstand;
But when they were weary'd with toil,
They saw their dear Saviour at hand:
They gladly receiv'd him on board,
His presence their spirits reviv'd,
The sea became calm at his word,
And soon at their port they arriv'd.

3 We, like the disciples, are tos's'd
By storms on a perilous deep;
But cannot be possibly lost,
For JESUS has charge of the ship;
Tho' billows and winds are enrag'd,
And threaten to make us their sport;
This pilot his word has engag'd
To bring us, in safety to port.

4 If sometimes we struggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our view;
It makes us more willing to own
We nothing, without him, can do:
Then Satan our hopes would assail,
But JESUS is still within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time and does all.

5 Yet LORD, we are ready to shrink
Unless we thy presence perceive;
O save us (we cry) or we sink,
We would, but we cannot believe:

The night has been long and severe,
The winds and the seas are still high;
Dear Saviour, this moment appear,
And say to our souls, "It is I (*i*)!"

CXV. *Will ye also go away?* Chap. vi. 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah LORD! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD;
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, LORD, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, no!

CXVI.

(*i*) *Book* III. *Hymn.* 18.

CXVI. *The Resurrection and the Life.* Chap. xi. 25.

1 "I Am (saith CHRIST) your glorious head,
(May we attention give)
The resurrection of the dead,
The life of all that live.

2 "By faith in me the soul receives
New life, tho' dead before;
And he that in my name believes,
Shall live, and die no more.

3 "The sinner, sleeping in his grave,
Shall at my voice awake;
And when I once begin to save,
My work I ne'er forsake."

4 Fulfil thy promise, gracious LORD,
On us assembled here;
Put forth thy Spirit with thy word,
And cause the dead to hear.

5 Preserve the pow'r of faith alive,
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

6 Thy pow'r and mercy first prevail'd,
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had fail'd,
If not renew'd by thee.

7 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

CXVII. *Weeping MARY.* Chap. xx. 11—16.

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;

Spice

Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
But the LORD she lov'd was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise;
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supply'd her eyes.

2 JESUS, who is always near,
Tho' too often unperceiv'd,
Came, his drooping child to chear,
Kindly asking, Why she griev'd?
Tho' at first she knew him not,
When he call'd her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for JESU's sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Tho' you now are tempest-tos'd:
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

CXVIII. (c) *Lovest thou me?* Chap. xxi. 16.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the LORD;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I deliver'd

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wounds;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light."

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the height above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 LORD it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more!

CXIX. *Another.*

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the LORD, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it true with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Chuse the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love at all!

8 Lord decide the doubtful case!
Thou art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

ACTS.

CXX. *The Death of STEPHEN.*

Chap. vii. 54—60.

1 AS some tall rock amidst the waves,
The fury of the tempest braves,

While

While the fierce billows toſſing high,
Break at its foot; and murm'ring, die.

2 Thus they who in the LORD confide,
Tho' foes aſſault on ev'ry ſide,
Cannot be mov'd or overthrown,
For JESUS makes their cauſe his own.

3 So faithful Stephen, undiſmay'd,
The malice of the Jews ſurvey'd;
The holy joy which fill'd his breaſt,
A luſtre on his face impreſt.

4 "Behold! (he ſaid) the world of light
Is open'd to my ſtrengthen'd ſight;
My glorious LORD appears in view,
That JESUS, whom ye lately ſlew."

5 With ſuch a friend and witneſs near,
No form of death could make him fear;
Calm, amidſt ſhow'rs of ſtones, he kneels,
And only for his murd'rers feels.

6 May we, by faith, perceive thee thus,
Dear Saviour, ever near to us!
This ſight our peace, thro' life, ſhall keep,
And death be feard no more than ſleep.

CXXI. *The Rebel's ſurrender to Grace.* LORD, *what wilt thou have me to do?* Chap. ix. 6.

1 LORD, thou haſt won, at length I yield,
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee;
Againſt they terrors long I ſtrove,
But who can ſtand againſt thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 All that a wretch could do, I try'd,
Thy patience ſcorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,
And trampled on thy laws;

Scarcely

Scarcely thy martyrs at the ſtake,
Could ſtand more ſtedfaſt for thy ſake,
Than I in Satan's cauſe.

3 But ſince thou haſt thy love reveal'd,
And ſhewn my ſoul a pardon ſeal'd,
I can reſiſt no more:
Couldſt thou for ſuch a ſinner bleed?
Canſt thou for ſuch a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!

4 If thou hadſt bid thy thunders roll,
And light'nings flaſh, to blaſt my ſoul,
I ſtill had ſtubborn been:
But mercy has my heart ſubdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my ſin.

5 Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
Come take poſſeſſion of thine own,
For thou haſt ſet me free;
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting ſtand,
To be employ'd by thee.

6 My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee my hope, deſire, and love,
In fix'd attention join;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's ſervants been too long,
But now they ſhall be thine.

7 And can I be the very ſame,
Who lately durſt blaſpheme thy name,
And on thy goſpel tread?
Surely each one who hears my caſe,
Will praiſe thee, and confeſs thy grace
Invincible indeed!

CXXII. *PETER releaſed from Priſon.*

Chap. xii. 5—8.

1 FERVENT perſevering pray'rs
Are faith's aſſur'd reſource;
Brazen gates, and iron bars
In vain withſtand their force:
Peter when in priſon caſt,
Tho' by ſoldiers kept with care;
Tho' the doors were bolted faſt,
Was ſoon releas'd by pray'r.

2 While he ſlept an angel came
And ſpread a light around;
Touch'd and call'd him by his name,
And rais'd him from the ground:
All his chains and fetters burſt,
Ev'ry door wide open flew;
Peter thought he dream'd at firſt,
But found the viſion true.

3 Thus the LORD can make a way
To bring his ſaints relief;
'Tis their part to wait and pray,
In ſpite of unbelief:
He can break thro' walls of ſtone,
Sink the mountain to a plain;
They, to whom his name is known,
Can never pray in vain.

4 Thus in chains of guilt and ſin,
Poor ſinners ſleeping lie;
No alarm is felt within,
Altho' condemn'd to die;
Till deſcending from above
(Mercy ſmiling in his eyes)
JESUS, with a voice of love,
Awakes, and bids them riſe.

5 Glad

5 Glad the ſummons they obey,
And liberty deſire;
Straight their fetters melt away
Like wax before the fire:
By the word of him who dy'd,
Guilty priſ'ners to releaſe;
Ev'ry door flies open wide,
And they depart in peace.

CXXIII. *The trembling Goaler.* Chap. xvi. 29, 30.

1 A Believer, free from care,
May in chains, or dungeons, ſing,
(If the LORD be with him there)
And be happier than a king;
Paul and Silas thus confin'd,
Tho' their backs were torn by whips,
Yet poſſeſſing peace of mind,
Sung his praiſe with joyful lips.

2 Suddenly the priſon ſhook,
Open flew the iron doors;
And the goaler, terror-ſtruck,
Now his captive's help implores:
Trembling at their feet he fell,
"Tell me, Sirs, what muſt I do
To be ſav'd from guilt and hell?
None can tell me this but you."

3 "Look to JESUS, (they reply'd,)
If on him thou canſt believe;
By the death which he has dy'd,
Thou ſalvation ſhalt receive:"
While the living word he heard,
Faith ſprung up within his heart,
And releas'd from all he fear'd,
In their joy his ſoul had part.

4 Sinners, CHRIST is ſtill the ſame,
O that you could likewiſe fear!

Then

Then the mention of his name
Would be music to your ear:
Jesus rescues Satan's slaves,
His dear wounds still plead, "Forgive!"
Jesus to the utmost saves;
Sinners, look to him and live.

CXXIV. *The Exorcists.* Chap. xix. 13—16.

1 WHEN the apostle wonders wrought
And heal'd the sick in Jesu's name,
The sons of Sceva vainly thought,
That they had pow'r to do the same.

2 On one possess'd they try'd their art,
And naming Jesus preach'd by Paul,
They charg'd the spirit to depart,
Expecting he'd obey their call.

3 The spirit answer'd with a mock,
"Jesus I know, and Paul I know;
I must have gone if Paul had spoke,
But who are ye that bid me go?"

4 With fury then the man he fill'd,
Who on the poor pretenders flew;
Naked and wounded, almost kill'd,
They fled in all the people's view.

5 Jesus! that name, pronounc'd by faith,
Is full of wonder-working pow'r;
It conquers Satan, sin and death,
And cheers in trouble's darkest hour.

6 But they who are not born again,
Know nothing of it but the sound;
They do but take his name in vain,
When most their zeal and pains abound.

7 Satan their vain attempts derides,
Whether they talk, or pray, or preach;

Long

Long as the love of ſin abides,
His pow'r is ſafe beyond their reach.

8 But you, believers, may rejoice,
Satan well knows your mighty friend
He trembles at your Saviour's voice,
And owns he cannot gain his end.

CXXV. *PAUL's Voyage.* Chap. xxvii.

1 IF Paul in Cæſar's court muſt ſtand,
He need not fear the ſea;
Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand
By the divine decree.

2 Altho' the ſhip in which he ſail'd,
By dreadful ſtorms was toſs'd;
The promiſe over all prevail'd,
And not a life was loſt.

3 JESUS! the GOD whom Paul ador'd,
Who ſaves in time of need;
Was then confeſs'd, by all on board,
A preſent help indeed!

4 Tho' neither ſun nor ſtars were ſeen,
Paul knew the LORD was near;
And faith preſerv'd his ſoul ſerene,
When others ſhook for fear.

5 Believers thus are toſs'd about,
On life's tempeſtuous main;
But grace aſſures, beyond a doubt,
They ſhall their port attain.

6 They muſt, they ſhall appear one day,
Before their Saviour's throne;
The ſtorms they meet with by the way,
But make his power known.

7 Their paſſage lies acroſs the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave;

The

The world expects to see them sink,
But JESUS lives to save.

8 LORD, tho' we are but feeble worms,
Yet since thy word is past;
We'll venture thro' a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

ROMANS.

CXXVI. *The Good that I would I do not.* Chap. vii. 19.

1 I Would, but cannot sing,
Guilt has untun'd my voice;
The serpent, sin's envenom'd sting,
Has poison'd all my joys.

2 I know the LORD is nigh,
And would but cannot pray,
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

3 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till JESUS makes it soft.

4 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.

5 I would, but cannot rest
In GOD's most holy will;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

6 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;

I would but cannot,—LORD, relieve!
My help must come from thee.

7 But if indeed I *wou'd*,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

8 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r

9 Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou hast begun!
And with a will afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run.

CXXVII. *Salvation drawing nearer.* Chap. xii

1 DARKNESS overspreads us here,
But the night wears fast away;
Jacob's star will soon appear,
Leading on eternal day!
Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
Trim our lamps, and stand prepar'd;
For our LORD strict watch to keep,
Lest he find us off our guard.

2 Let his people courage take,
Bear with a submissive mind
All they suffer for his sake,
Rich amends they soon will find:
He will wipe away their tears,
Near himself appoint their lot;
All their sorrows, pains and fears,
Quickly then will be forgot.

'Tho' already sav'd by grace,
From the hour we first believ'd;
Yet while sin and war have place,
We have but a part receiv'd;

Still

Still we for salvation wait,
Ev'ry hour it nearer comes!
Death will break the prison gate,
And admit us to our homes.

4 Sinners! what can you expect?
You who now the Saviour dare;
Break his laws, his grace reject,
You must stand before his bar!
Tremble, lest he say depart!
Oh the horrors of that sound!
LORD, make ev'ry careless heart,
Seek thee while thou may'st be found.

I. CORINTHIANS.

CXXVIII. *That Rock was* CHRIST. Chap. x. 4.

1 WHEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with thirst,
Forth from the Rock the waters burst;
And all their future journey thro'
Yielded them drink and gospel too!

2 In Moses' rod a type they saw,
Of his severe and fiery law:
The smitten rock prefigur'd him,
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

3 But ah! the types were all too faint,
His sorrows or his worth to paint:
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,
But he endur'd the wrath of GOD.

4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,
But our's was wounded, torn and slain;
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
But JESUS pour'd forth streams of blood.

5 The earth is like their wilderness,
A land of drought and sore distress; Without

Without one ſtream from pole to pole,
To ſatisfy a thirſty ſoul.

6 But let the Saviour's praiſe reſound;
In him refreſhing ſtreams are found,
Which pardon, ſtrength, and comfort give,
And thirſty ſinners drink and live.

II. CORINTHIANS.

CXXIX. *My grace is ſufficient for thee.* Chap. xii. 9.

1 OPPRESS'D with unbelief and ſin,
Fightings without, and fears within;
While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
Aſſault and terrify my mind.

2 What ſtrength have I againſt ſuch foes,
Such hoſts and legions to oppoſe?
Alas! I tremble, faint, and fall;
LORD, ſave me, or I give up all.

3 Thus ſorely preſt I ſought the LORD,
To give me ſome ſweet cheering word;
Again I fought, and yet again;
I waited long, but not in vain.

4 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
Exactly ſuited to my need;
"Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakneſs my great pow'r diſplays."

5 Now I deſpond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before;
Tho' weak, I'm ſtrong; tho' troubled bleſt,
For CHRIST's own pow'r ſhall on me reſt,

6 My grace would ſoon exhauſted be,
But his is boundleſs as the ſea;

Then

Then let me boaſt with holy Paul,
That I am nothing, CHRIST is all!

GALATIANS.

CXXX. *The inward warfare.* Chap. v. 17.

1 STRANGE and myſterious is my life,
What oppoſites I feel within!
A ſtable peace, a conſtant ſtrife;
The rule of grace, the power of ſin:
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my head.

2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,
But oh! what backwardneſs to pray,
Tho' on the LORD I caſt my care,
I feel its burden ev'ry day:
I ſeek his will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

3 I call the promiſes my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;
Yet tho' their ſweetneſs I have known,
They leave me unimpreſs'd and cold:
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.

4 I love the holy day of reſt,
When JESUS meets his gather'd ſaints;
Sweet day! of all the week the beſt;
For its return my ſpirit pants:
Yet often, thro' my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

5 While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes ſhall loſe their aim;
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
Aſſur'd of conqueſt thro' his name:
But ſoon my confidence is ſlain,
And all my fears return again.

6 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me ſtrive,
And grace and ſin, by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful ſcale:
But JESUS has his promiſe paſt,
That grace ſhall overcome at laſt.

PHILIPPIANS.

CXXXI. (c) *Contentment (i).* Chap. iv. 11.

1 FIERCE paſſions diſcompoſe the mind,
As tempeſts vex the ſea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, LORD, we turn to thee.

2 In vain by reaſon and by rule,
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's ſchool,
Can learn the heav'nly ſkill.

3 Since at his feet my ſoul has ſat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my preſent ſtate,
I caſt on him my care.

4 "Art thou a ſinner, ſoul? (ſaid he)
Then how canſt thou complain?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlaſting pain.

5 "If thou of murmuring would'ſt be cur'd
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine.

6 "'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well;

Thou

(i) Book III. Hymn 55.

Thou ſoon ſhalt leave this wretched ſpot,
And riſe with me to dwell.

7 "In life my grace ſhall ſtrength ſupply,
Proportion'd to thy day;
At death thou ſtill ſhalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."

8 Thus I who once my wretched days,
In vain repinings ſpent;
Taught in my Saviour's ſchool of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

HEBREWS.

CXXXII. (c) *Old Teſtament Goſpel.* Chap. iv. 2.

1 ISRAEL in ancient day,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the goſpel too:
The types and figures were a glaſs,
In which they ſaw the Saviour's face.

2 The paſchal ſacrifice,
And blood-beſprinkled door (*k*),
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'er,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry GOD.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, ſet forth,
His perfect innocence (*l*),
Whoſe blood of matchleſs worth,
Should be the ſoul's defence;
For he who can for ſin atone,
Muſt have no failings of his own.

4 The ſcape-goat on his head (*m*)
The people's treſpaſs bore,

And

(*k*) *Exodus* xii. 13 (*l*) *Lev.* xii. 6. (*m*) *Lev.* xvi. 21.

And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our surety seem'd to say,
"Behold I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free (*n*);
The type well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

6 JESUS I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page;
The footsteps of thy grace,
The fame in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

CXXXIII. *The Word quick and powerful.* Chap iv. 12, 13.

1 THE word of CHRIST, our LORD,
With whom we have to do;
Is sharper than a two-edg'd sword,
To pierce the sinner thro'!

2 Swift as the light'nings blaze,
When awful thunders roll,
It fills the conscience with amaze,
And penetrates the soul.

3 No heart can be conceal'd
From his all piercing eyes,
Each thought and purpose stands reveal'd,
Naked, without disguise.

4 He sees his people's fears,
He notes their mournful cry,
He counts their sighs and falling tears,
And helps them from on high.

5 Tho'

(*n*) *Lev.* xiv. 51—53.

5 Tho' feeble, is their good,
It has its kind regard;
Yea, all they would do, if they could (*o*),
Shall find a ſure reward.

6 He ſees the wicked too,
And will repay them ſoon,
For all the evil deeds they do,
And all they would have done (*p*).

7 Since all our ſecret ways
Are mark'd and known by thee:
Afford us, LORD, thy light of grace,
That we ourſelves may ſee.

CXXXIV. *Looking unto* JESUS. Chap. xii. 2.

1 BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That paſs for wiſdom in the ſchools,
I ſtrove my paſſion to reſtrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But ſince the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
To keep my LORD by faith in view,
This ſtrength ſupplies and motives too.

3 I ſee him lead a ſuff'ring life,
Patient amidſt reproach and ſtrife;
And from this pattern courage take
To bear, and ſuffer for his ſake.

4 Upon the croſs I ſee him bleed,
And by the ſight from guilt am freed;
This ſight deſtroys the life of ſin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to JESUS as he roſe,
Confirms my faith, diſarms my foes;
Satan I ſhame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb

6 Exalted

(*o*) 1 *Kings* viii. 18. (*p*) *Matt.* v. 28.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For JESUS lives, and will provide.

7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conq'ror's crown;
If press'd with griefs and cares before,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where, and as he is.

CXXXV. *Love-Tokens.* Chap. xii. 5—11.

1 AFFLICTIONS do not come alone,
A voice attends the rod;
By both he to his saints is known,
A Father and a GOD!

2 "Let not my children slight the stroke
I for chastisement send;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For I am still their friend.

3 "The wicked I perhaps may leave
Awhile and not reprove;
But all the children I receive,
I scourge because I love.

4 "If therefore we were left without
This needful discipline;
You might with cause admit a doubt,
If you indeed were mine.

5 "Shall earthly parents then expect
Their children to submit?
And will not you, when I correct,
Be humbled at my feet?

6 "To

6 "To pleaſe themſelves they oft chaſtiſe,
And put their ſons to pain;
But you are precious in my eyes,
And ſhall not ſmart in vain.

7 "I ſee your hearts at preſent fill'd
With grief and deep diſtreſs;
But ſoon theſe bitter ſeeds ſhall yield
The fruits of righteouſneſs."

8 Break thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and ſhine!
Let us perceive thee nigh!
And to each mourning child of thine
Theſe gracious words apply.

REVELATION.

CXXXVI. *EPHESUS.* Chap. ii. 1—7.

1 THUS ſaith the LORD to Epheſus,
And thus he ſpeaks to ſome of us;
"Amidſt my churches, lo, I ſtand,
And hold the paſtors in my hand.

2 "Thy works to me are fully known,
Thy patience, and thy toil I own;
Thy views of goſpel truth are clear,
Nor canſt thou other doctrine bear.

3 "Yet I muſt blame while I approve;
Where is thy firſt, thy fervent love?
Doſt thou forget my love to thee,
That thine is grown ſo faint to me

4 "Recall to mind the happy days
When thou waſt fill'd with joy and praiſe;
Repent, thy former works renew,
Then I'll reſtore thy comforts too.

5 "Return at once, when I reprove,
Leſt I thy candleſtick remove;

And

And thou, too late, thy loſs lament,
I warn before I ſtrike,—Repent.

6 Harken to what the ſpirit ſaith,
To him that overcomes by faith;
"The fruit of life's unfading tree,
In paradiſe his food ſhall be."

CXXXVII. *Smyrna.* Chap. ii. 11.

1 THE meſſage firſt to Smyrna ſent,
A meſſage full of grace;
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
I ev'ry age and place.

2 Thus to his church his choſen bride,
Saith the great Firſt and Laſt,
"Who ever lives, tho' once he dy'd,
Hold thy profeſſion faſt.

3 "Thy works and ſorrow well I know,
Perform'd and borne for me;
Poor thou art, deſpis'd and low,
Yet who is rich like thee?

4 "I know thy foes, and what they ſay,
How long they have blaſphem'd;
The ſynagogue of Satan, they,
Tho' they would Jews be deem'd.

5 "Tho' Satan for a ſeaſon rage,
And priſons be your lot;
I am your friend, and I engage
You ſhall not be forgot.

6 "Be faithful unto death, nor fear
A few ſhort days of ſtrife;
Behold! the prize you ſoon ſhall wear
A crown of endleſs life!"

7 Hear what the holy Spirit ſaith
Of all who overcome;

"They

" They ſhall eſcape the ſecond death,
The ſinner's awful doom !".

CXXXVIII. (c) *Sardis.* Chap. iii. 1—6.

1 " WRITE to Sardis (ſaith the LORD)
And write what he declares;
He whoſe ſpirit, and whoſe word,
Upholds the ſeven ſtars:
All thy works and ways I ſearch,
Find thy zeal and love decay'd;
Thou art call'd a living church,
But thou art cold and dead.

2 " Watch, remember, ſeek and ſtrive,
Exert thy former pains:
Let thy timely care revive,
And ſtrengthen what remains:
Cleanſe thine heart, thy works amend,
Former times to mind recall;
Leſt my ſudden ſtroke deſcend,
And ſmite thee once for all.

3 " Yet, I number now in thee
A few that are upright;
Theſe my Father's face ſhall ſee,
And walk with me in white:
When in judgment I appear,
They for mine ſhall be confeſt;
Let my faithful ſervants hear,
And woe be to the reſt."

CXXXIX. *Philadelphia.* Chap. iii. 7—13.

1 THUS ſaith the holy one, and true,
To his beloved faithful few;
" Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To ſhut, or open, as I pleaſe.

2 " I know thy works, and I approve,
Tho' ſmall thy ſtrength, ſincere thy love;

Go on, my word and name to own,
For none ſhall rob thee of thy crown.

3 "Before thee ſee my mercy's door
Stands open wide to ſhut no more;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy ſtrength and ſtay.

4 "Thou haſt my promiſe, hold it faſt,
The trying hour will ſoon be paſt;
Rejoice, for lo! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heav'nly home.

5 "A pillar there no more to move,
Inſcrib'd with all my names of love;
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou ſhalt forever have a place."

6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the LORD!
Let him that hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit ſaith.

CXL. *Laodicea.* Chap iii. 14—20.

1 HEAR what the LORD, the great Amen,
The true and faithful witneſs, ſays!
He form'd the vaſt creation's plan,
And ſearches all our hearts and ways.

2 To ſome he ſpeaks as once of old,
"I know thee, thy profeſſion's vain;
Since thou art neither hot nor cold
I'll ſpit thee from me with diſdain.

3 "Thou boaſted I am wiſe and rich,
Encreas'd in goods and nothing need;
And doſt not know thou art a wretch,
Naked and poor, and blind, and dead.

4 "Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
My meſſage is in mercy ſent;

That

That thou may'ſt my compaſſion prove,
I can forgive if thou repent.

5 "Would'ſt thou be truly rich and wiſe?
Come, buy my gold in fire well try'd,
My ointment to anoint thine eyes,
My robe, thy nakedneſs to hide.

6 "See at thy door I ſtand and knock!
Poor ſinner, ſhall I wait in vain?
Quickly thy ſtubborn heart unlock,
That I may enter with my train.

7 "Thou canſt not entertain a king,
Unworthy thou of ſuch a gueſt!
But I my own proviſions bring,
To make thy ſoul a heav'nly feaſt."

CXLI. *The little Book.* (p) Chap. x.

1 WHEN the belov'd diſciple took
The angel's little open book,
Which by the LORD's command he eat,
It taſted bitter after ſweet.

2 Thus when the goſpel is embrac'd,
At firſt 'tis ſweeter to the taſte
Than honey, or the honey-comb,
But there's a bitterneſs to come.

3 What ſweetneſs does the promiſe yield,
When by the Spirit's pow'r ſeal'd?
The longing ſoul is fill'd with good,
Nor feels a wiſh for other food.

4 By theſe inviting taſtes allur'd,
We paſs to what muſt be endur'd;
For ſoon we find it is decreed,
That bitter muſt to ſweet ſucceed.

5 When ſin revives and ſhews its pow'r,
When Satan threatens to devour,

When

(p) *Hymn* III. *Book* 27.

When God afflicts and men revile,
We draw our steps with pain and toil.

6 When thus deserted, tempest-tost,
The sense of former sweetness lost;
We tremble lest we were deceiv'd
In thinking that we once believ'd.

7 The Lord first makes the sweetness known,
To win and fix us for his own;
And tho' we now some bitter meet,
We hope for everlasting sweet.

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A

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OLNEY

OLNEY HYMNS, &c.

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II. Ordinances.
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I. SEASONS.

NEW-YEAR's HYMNS.

I. *Time how swift.*

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted thro' the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the light'ning from the skies,
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks

3 Thanks for mercies paſt receive,
Pardon of our ſins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bleſs thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's ſhort tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

II. *Time how ſhort.*

1 TIME, with an unwearied hand,
Puſhes round the ſeaſons paſt;
And in life's frail glaſs, the ſand
Sinks apace not long to laſt:
Many as well as you or I,
Who laſt year aſſembled thus,
In their ſilent graves now lie,
Graves will open ſoon for us!

2 Daily ſin, and care and ſtrife,
While the LORD prolongs our breath,
Make it but a dying life,
Or a kind of living death:
Wretched they, and moſt forlorn,
Who no better portion know;
Better ne'er to have been born,
Than to have our all below.

3 When conſtrain'd to go alone,
Leaving all you love behind,
Ent'ring on a world unknown,
What will then ſupport your mind?
When the LORD his ſummons ſends (*a*),
Earthly comforts loſe their pow'r;
Honor, riches, kindred, friends,
Cannot cheer a dying hour.

4 Happy ſouls who fear the LORD!
Time is not too ſwift for you;

When

(*a*) *Iſaiah* x. 3.

When your Saviour gives the word,
Glad you'll bid the world adieu:
Then he'll wipe away your tears,
Near himself appoint your place;
Swifter fly, ye rolling years,
LORD, we long to see thy face.

III. *Uncertainty of Life.*

1 SEE! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons past!
This we enter now upon
May to many prove their last:
Mercy hitherto has spar'd,
But have mercies been improv'd?
Let us ask, Am I prepar'd,
Should I be this year remov'd?

2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run;
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun;
Some, but who GOD only knows,
Who are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

3 Life a field of battle is,
Thousands fall within our view;
And the next death-bolt that flies,
May be sent to me or you:
While we preach, and while we hear,
Help us, LORD, each one to think,
Vast eternity is near,
I am standing on the brink.

4 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace;
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see thy face:

To

To thy ſaints, while here below,
With new years, new mercies come;
But the happieſt year they know,
Is their laſt which leads them home.

IV. *A New-Year's Thought and Prayer.*

1 TIME, by moments ſteals away,
Firſt the hour, and then the day,
Small the daily loſs appears,
Yet it ſoon amounts to years:
Thus another year is flown,
Now it is no more our own;
If it brought or promis'd good,
Than the years before the flood.

2 But (may none of us forget)
It has left us much in debt;
Favors from the LORD receiv'd,
Sins that have his Spirit griev'd,
Mark'd by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded ſtand;
Who can tell the vaſt amount,
Plac'd to each of our account?

3 Happy the believing ſoul!
CHRIST for you has paid the whole;
While you own the debt is large,
You may plead a full diſcharge:
But, poor careleſs ſinner ſay,
What can you to juſtice pay?
Tremble, leſt when life is paſt,
Into priſon you be caſt!

4 Will you ſtill increaſe the ſcore?
Still be careleſs as before?
Oh, forbid it, gracious LORD,
Touch their ſpirits by thy word!
Now, in mercy to them, ſhow,
What a mighty debt they owe

All their unbelief ſubdue,
Let *them* find forgiveneſs too.

5 Spar'd to ſee another year,
Let thy bleſſing meet us here;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe!
Warm our hearts and bleſs our eyes;
Let our pray'r thy bowels move,
Make this year a time of love.

V. *Death and War.* 1778.

1 HARK! how time's wide ſounding bell
Strikes on each attentive ear!
Tolling loud the ſolemn knell
Of the late departed year:
Years, like mortals wear away,
Have their birth and dying day;
Youthful ſpring, and wintry age
Then to others quit the ſtage.

2 Sad experience may relate
What a year the laſt has been!
Crops of ſorrow have been great,
From the fruitful ſeeds of ſin:
Oh! What numbers gay and blithe,
Fell by death's unſparing ſcythe?
While they thought the world their own,
Suddenly he mow'd them down.

3 See how war, with dreadful ſtride,
Marches at the Lord's Command:
Spreading deſolation wide,
Thro' a once much-favour'd land:
War, with heart and arms of ſteel,
Preys on thouſands at a meal;
Daily drinking human gore,
Still he thirſts and calls for more.

4 If the God, whom we provoke,
Hither should his way direct;
What a sin-avenging stroke
May a land like this expect!
They who now securely sleep,
Quickly then would wake and weep;
And too late would learn to fear,
When they saw the danger near.

5 You are safe who know his love,
He will all his truth perform;
To your souls a refuge prove,
From the rage of ev'ry storm:
But we tremble for the youth;
Teach them, Lord, thy saving truth;
Join them to thy faithful few,
Be to them a refuge too.

VI. *Earthly Prospects deceitful.*

1 OFT in vain the voice of truth,
Solemnly and loudly warns;
Thoughtless, unexperienc'd youth:
Tho' it hears, the warning scorns:
Youth in fancy's glass surveys
Life prolong'd to distant years,
While the vast imagin'd space
Fill'd with sweets and joys appear.

2 Awful disappointment, soon
Overclouds the prospect gay;
Some their sun goes down at noon,
Torn by death's strong hand away:
Where are then their pleasing schemes?
Where the joys they hop'd to find?
Gone for ever, like their dreams,
Leaving not a trace behind.

3 Others, who are spar'd awhile,
Live to weep o'er fancy's cheat:

Find

Find distress, and pain, and toil,
Bitter things instead of sweet:
Sin has spread a curse around;
Poison'd all things here below,
On this base polluted ground,
Peace and joy can never grow.

4 Grace alone can cure our ills.
Sweeten life with all its cares;
Regulate our stubborn wills,
Save us from surrounding snares
Tho' you oft have heard in vain,
Former years in folly spent;
Grace invites you yet again,
Once more calls you to repent.

5 Call'd again, at length, beware,
Hear the Saviour's voice and live;
Lest he in his wrath should swear,
He no more will warning give:
Pray that you may hear and feel,
Ere the day of grace be past;
Lest your hearts grow hard as steel,
Or this year should prove your last.

Hymns before annual Sermons to young People, on New-Years Evenings.

VII. *Prayer for a Blessing.*

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From

3 From all the guilt of former ſin
May mercy ſet us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy ſpirit from above
That ſaints may love thee more;
And ſinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worſhip thee,
And praiſe thee in our room.

VIII. (c) *Another.*

1 BESTOW, dear LORD, upon our youth
The gift of ſaving grace;
And let the ſeed of ſacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, whene'er it grows
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But faireſt in the youngeſt ſhews
And yields the ſweeteſt fruit.

3 Ye careleſs ones, O hear betimes
The voice of ſov'reign love!
Your youth is ſtain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a ſtone
Within the youngeſt breaſt,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your reſt.

5 For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you the ſecret tear is ſhed,
O ſhed yourſelves a tear!

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's pow'r to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That JESUS whom we preach.

IX. *Another.*

1 NOW may fervent pray'r arise
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent pray'r shall bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

2 Bless, O LORD, the op'ning year,
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep!
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee!

4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

5 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.

6 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

7 Bless us all both old and young;
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy pow'r and all thy love.

X. *Casting the Gospel Net.*

1 WHEN Peter thro' the tedious night (*b*)
Had often cast his net in vain;
Soon as the LORD appear'd in sight
He gladly let it down again.

2 Once more the gospel net we cast,
Do thou, O LORD, the effort own;
We learn from disappointments past
To rest our hope on thee alone.

3 Upheld by thy supporting hand,
We enter on another year;
And now we meet at thy command,
To seek thy gracious presence here.

4 May this be a much favor'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r
To break the rocks and raise the dead!

5 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
Who young in years are old in sin;
And by thy Spirit, and thy truth,
Shew them the state their souls are in.

6 Then, by a Saviour's dying love
To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their sun, and strength, and shield.

7 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd
And all thy saints in praises join.

8 O hear our pray'r and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

XI.

(*b*) *Luke* v. 4.

XI. (c) *Pleading for and with Youth.*

1 SIN has undone our wretched race,
But JESUS has restor'd,
And brought the sinner face to face
With his forgiving LORD.

2 This we repeat from year to year,
And press upon our youth;
LORD, give them an attentive ear,
LORD, save them by thy truth.

3 Blessings upon the rising race!
Make this an happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine Almighty pow'r.

4 We feel for your unhappy state,
(May you regard it too)
And would awhile ourselves forget;
To pour out pray'r for you.

5 We see, tho' you perceive it not,
Th' approaching, awful doom;
O tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

6 Dear Saviour, let this new born year
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry, in ev'ry careless ear,
"Prepare to meet thy GOD!

XII. (c) *Prayer for Children.*

1 GRACIOUS LORD, our children see,
By thy mercy we are free;
But shall these, alas! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign?
Israel's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threat'ned to withhold (c);
Then thy messenger said, "No;
Let the children also go."

2 When

(c) *Exod.* x. 9.

2 When the angel of the LORD
Drawing forth his dreadful ſword,
Slew with an evenging hand,
All the firſt-born of the land *(d)*;
Then thy people's doors he paſs'd,
Where the bloody ſign was plac'd;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of CHRIST for theſe!

3 LORD, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his ſight:
Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them ſafe beneath thy wings;
Leſt the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

XIII. *The Shunamite.* (*e*)

1 THE Shunamite oppreſs'd with grief,
When ſhe had loſt the ſon ſhe lov'd
Went to Eliſha for relief,
Nor vain her application prov'd.

2 He ſent his ſervant on before
To lay a ſtaff upon his head;
This he could do, but do no more,
He left him, as he found him, dead.

3 But when the LORD's almighty pow'r
Wrought with the prophet's pray'r and faith,
The mother ſaw a joyful hour,
She ſaw her child reſtor'd from death

4 Thus, like the weeping Shunamite
For many, dead in ſin we grieve;
Now, LORD, diſplay thine arm of might,
Cauſe them to hear thy voice and live.

5 Thy preachers bear the ſtaff in vain,
Tho' at thine own command we go;
LORD,

(*d*) *Exod.* xii. 13. (*e*) 2 *Kings* iv. 31.

LORD, we have try'd and try'd again,
We find them dead, and leave them so.

6 Come then thyself—to ev'ry heart
The glory of thy name make known;
The means are our appointed part,
The pow'r and grace are thine alone.

XIV. *ELIJAH's Prayer (f).*

1 DOES it not grief and wonder move,
To think of Israel's shameful fall?
Who needed miracles to prove
Whether the LORD is GOD or Baal!

2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
His features glow with love and zeal,
In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

3 "O GOD! If I thy servant am,
If 'tis thy message fills my heart;
Now glorify thy holy name,
And show this people who thou art!"

4 He spake, and lo! a sudden flame
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone;
The people struck, at once proclaim
"The LORD is GOD, the LORD alone."

5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than GOD appear;
Like him believers, let us pray,
And may the GOD of Israel hear!

6 LORD, if thy servant speak thy truth,
If he indeed is sent by thee;
Confirm the word to all our youth
And let them thy salvation see.

7 Now may the spirit's holy fire
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word;
Consume each hurtful vain desire,
And make them know thou art the LORD. XV.

(f) 1 *Kings* xviii.

XV. *Preaching to the dry Bones.* (g).

1 PREACHERS may from Ezekiel's caſe,
Draw hope in this declining day;
A proof, like this, of ſov'reign grace
Should chaſe our unbelief away.

2 When ſent to preach to mould'ring bones,
Who could have thought he would ſucceed?
But well he knew the LORD, from ſtones
Could raiſe up Abra'm's choſen ſeed.

3 Can theſe be made a num'rous hoſt,
And ſuch dry bones new life receive?
The prophet anſwer'd, "LORD thou know'ſt
They ſhall, if thou commandment give."

4 Like him around I caſt mine eye,
And oh! what heaps of bones appear;
Like him, by JESUS ſent, I'll try,
For he can cauſe the dead to hear.

5 Hear, ye dry bones, the Saviour's word!
He, who when dying, gaſp'd "Forgive,"
That gracious ſinner-loving LORD,
Says, "Look to me, dry bones, and live."

6 Thou heav'nly wind awake and blow,
In anſwer to the pray'r of faith;
Now thine almighty influence ſhow,
And fill dry bones with living breath.

7 O make them hear, and feel, and ſhake,
And, at thy call, obedient move;
The bonds of death and Satan break,
And bone to bone unite in love.

XVI. *The Rod of MOSES.*

1 WHEN Moſes wav'd his myſtic rod
What wonders follow'd while he ſpoke?
Firm

(g) *Ezekiel* xxxvii

Firm as a wall the waters ſtood (*h*)
Or guſh'd in rivers from the rock (*i*)!

2 At his command the thunder roll'd,
Light'ning and hail his voice obey'd (*k*),
And Pharaoh trembled to behold
His land in deſolation laid.

3 But what could Moſes' rod have done
Had he not been divinely ſent?
The pow'r was from the Lord alone,
And Moſes but the inſtrument.

4 O Lord, regard thy people's prayers!
Aſſiſt a worm to preach aright;
And ſince thy goſpel-rod he bears,
Diſplay thy wonders in our ſight.

5 Proclaim the thunders of thy law,
Like light'ning let thine arrows fly,
That careleſs ſinners, ſtruck with awe,
For refuge may to Jesus cry!

6 Make ſtreams of godly ſorrow flow
From rocky hearts, unus'd to feel;
And let the poor in ſpirit know
That thou art near, their griefs to heal.

7 But chiefly, we would now look up
To aſk a bleſſing for our youth,
The riſing generations hope,
That they may know and love the truth.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, afford a ſign!
Now ſhall our pray'rs ſucceſs obtain;
Since both the means and pow'r are thine,
How can the rod be rais'd in vain.

XVII. God *ſpeaking from Mount Zion.*

1 THE God who once to Iſrael ſpoke
From Sinai's top, in fire and ſmoke,

In

(*h*) *Exodus* xiv. 21. (*i*) *Numbers* xx. 11. (*k*) *Exod.* ix. 23.

In gentler ſtrains of goſpel grace,
Invites us now to ſeek his face.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
He ſpeaks in love, from Zion, now;
It is the voice of JESUS' blood
Calling poor wand'rers home to GOD.

3 The holy Moſes quak'd and fear'd
When Sinai's thund'ring *law* he heard;
But reigning grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the ſinner as a child.

4 Hark! how from Calvary it ſounds;
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds;
"Pardon and grace, I freely give,
Poor ſinner look to me and live."

5 What other arguments can move
The heart that ſlights a Saviour's love!
Yet till Almighty pow'r conſtrain,
This matchleſs love is preach'd in vain.

6 O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,
And cauſe each ſtony heart to melt!
Deeply impreſs upon our youth
The light and force of goſpel truth.

7 With the new-year may they begin
To live to thee, and die to ſin;
To enter by the narrow way
Which leads to everlaſting day.

8 How will they elſe thy preſence bear,
When as a Judge thou ſhalt appear;
When ſlighted love to wrath ſhall turn
And the whole earth like Sinai burn!

XVIII. *A Prayer for Power on the Means of Grace.*

1 O Thou! at whoſe Almighty word
The glorious light from darkneſs ſprung!

Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.

2 Tho' 'tis thy truth he hopes to ſpeak,
He cannot give the hearing ear;
'Tis thine, the ſtubborn heart to break,
And make the careleſs ſinner fear.

3 As when of old, the water flow'd
Forth from the rock at thy command (*k*);
Moſes in vain had wav'd his rod,
Without thy wonder-working hand.

4 As when the walls of Jericho (*l*)
Down to the earth at once were caſt;
It was thy pow'r that brought them low,
And not the trumpet's feeble blaſt.

5 Thus we would in the means be found,
And thus on thee alone, depend;
To make the goſpel's joyful ſound
Effectual, to the promis'd end.

6 Now while we hear thy word of grace,
Let ſelf and pride before it fall;
And rocky hearts diſſolve apace,
In ſtreams of ſorrow at thy call.

7 On all our youth aſſembled here
The unction of thy Spirit pour;
Nor let them loſe another year,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt ſtrive and call no more.

XIX. *ELIJAH's Mantle.*

2 Kings ii. 11—14.

1 ELISHA, ſtruck with grief and awe,
Cry'd, "Ah! where now is Iſrael's ſtay?"
When

(*k*) *Numbers* xx. 11. (*l*) *Joſhua* vi. 20.

When he his honor'd maſter ſaw
Borne by a fiery carr away.

2 But while he look'd a laſt adieu,
His mantle, as it fell, he caught;
The Spirit reſted on him too,
And equal miracles he wrought.

3 "Where is Elijah's God," he cry'd,
And with the mantle ſmote the flood;
His word controll'd the ſwelling tide,
Th' obedient waters upright ſtood.

4 The wonder-working goſpel, thus
From hand to hand has been convey'd;
We have the mantle ſtill with us,
But where, O where, the Spirit's aid?

5 When Peter firſt his mantle wav'd (*m*)
How ſoon it melted hearts of ſteel!
Sinners, by thouſands, then were ſav'd,
But now how few its virtues feel!

6 Where is Elijah's God, the LORD,
Thine Iſrael's hope, and joy, and boaſt?
Reveal thine arm, confirm thy word,
Give us another Pentecoſt!

7 Aſſiſt thy meſſenger to ſpeak,
And while he aims to liſp thy truth,
The bonds of ſin and Satan break,
And pour thy bleſſing on our youth.

8 For them we now approach thy throne,
Teach them to know and love thy name;
Then ſhall thy thankful people own
Elijah's God is ſtill the ſame.

HYMN

(*m*) *Acts* ii.

HYMNS after Sermons to young People on New-Years Evenings, suited to the Subjects.

XX. *DAVID's Charge to SOLOMON.*

1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

1 O David's Son, and David's LORD!
From age to age thou art the same;
Thy gracious presence now afford,
And teach our youth to know thy name.

2 Thy people, LORD, tho' oft distrest,
Upheld by thee, thus far are come;
And now we long to see thy rest,
And wait thy word to call us home.

3 Like David, when this life shall end,
We trust in thee, sure peace to find;
Like him to thee we now commend
The children we must leave behind.

4 Ere long, we hope to be, where care,
And sin, and sorrow never come;
But oh! accept our humble pray'r,
That these may praise thee in our room.

5 Shew them how vile they are by sin,
And wash them in thy cleansing blood;
Oh, make them willing to be thine,
And be to them a cov'nant GOD.

6 Long may thy light and truth remain
To bless this place when we are gone;
And numbers here be born again,
To dwell for ever near thy throne.

XXI. *The* LORD's *call to his Children.*

2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above!

Attend,

Attend, 'tis GOD the Saviour ſpeaks,
And ev'ry word is love.

2 Tho' fill'd with awe, before his throne
Each angels veils his face,
He claims a people for his own
Amongſt our ſinful race.

3 Careleſs, awhile, they live in ſin,
Enſlav'd to Satan's pow'r;
But they obey the call divine,
In his appointed hour.

4 "Come forth, he ſays, no more purſue
The path that lead to death;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be ſav'd by faith.

5 "My ſons and daughters you ſhall be,
Thro' the atoning blood;
And you ſhall claim, and find in me,
A Father, and a GOD."

6 LORD, ſpeak theſe words to ev'ry heart,
By thine all-powerful voice;
That we may now from ſin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

7 If now we learn to ſeek thy face,
By CHRIST the living way;
We'll praiſe thee for this hour of grace,
Thro' an eternal day.

XXII. *The Prayer of JABEZ.*

1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 JESUS, who bought us with his blood,
And makes our ſouls his care;
Was known of old as Iſrael's God,
And anſwer'd Jabez' pray'r.

2 Jabez! a child of grief! the name
Befits poor ſinners well;

For Jesus bore the cross and shame,
To save our souls from hell.

3 Teach us, O Lord, like him to plead
For mercies from above:
O come, and bless our souls indeed,
With light, and joy, and love.

4 The gospel's promis'd land is wide,
We fain would enter in;
But we are press'd on ev'ry side,
With unbelief and sin.

5 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,
Let us possess the whole;
That Satan may no longer boast,
He can thy work controul.

6 Oh, may thy hand be with us still,
Our Guide and Guardian be;
To keep us safe from ev'ry ill,
Till death shall set us free.

7 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest;
That Israel's God, who heareth pray'r,
Will grant us our request.

XXIII. *Waiting at Wisdom's Gates.* Prov. viii. 34, 35.

1 ENSNAR'D too long my heart has been
In folly's hurtful ways;
Oh, may I now, at length, begin
To hear what wisdom says!

2 'Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,
Invites me to his rest;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.

3 Approach, my soul to wisdom's gates,
While it is call'd to-day;

No

No one who watches there and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let me ſeek in vain,
For all who truſt his word,
Shall everlaſting life obtain,
And favour from the LORD.

5 LORD, I have hated thee too long,
And dar'd thee to thy face;
I've done my ſoul exceeding wrong
In ſlighting all thy grace.

6 Now I would break my league with death,
And live to thee alone;
Oh let thy Spirit's ſeal of faith,
Secure me for thine own.

7 Let all the ſaints aſſembled here,
Yea, let all heav'n rejoice;
That I begin with this new year,
To make the LORD my choice.

XXIV. *Aſking the Way to Zion.* Jer. l. 5.

1 ZION, the city of our GOD,
How glorious is the place!
The Saviour there has his abode;
And ſinners ſee his face!

2 Firm, againſt ev'ry adverſe ſhock
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'Tis built upon the living Rock,
And wall'd around with love.

3 There, all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die:
And ſtreams of grace and knowledge flow,
The ſoul to ſatisfy.

4 Come ſet your faces Zion-ward,
The ſacred road enquire;

And

And let a union to the LORD
Be henceforth your desire.

4 The gospel shines to give you sight,
No longer, then, delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And JESUS is the way.

5 O LORD, regard thy people's pray'r,
Thy promise now fulfil;
And young and old by grace prepare,
To dwell on Zion's hill.

XXV. *We were PHARAOH's Bondmen.*
Deut. vi. 20—23.

1 BENEATH the tyrant Satan's yoke
Our souls were long oppress;
Till grace our galling fetters broke,
And gave the weary rest.

2 JESUS, in that important hour,
His mighty arm made known;
He ransom'd us by price and pow'r,
And claim'd us for his own.

3 Now freed from bondage, sin and death,
We walk in wisdom's ways;
And wish to spend our ev'ry breath,
In wonder, love, and praise.

4 Ere long, we hope with him to dwell
In yonder world above;
And now we only live to tell
The riches of his love.

5 O might we, e'er we hence remove,
Prevail upon our youth
To seek, that they may likewise prove,
His mercy and his truth.

6 Like Simeon, we shall gladly go (*n*),
When JESUS calls us home;
If they are left a seed below,
To serve him in our room.

(*n*) *Luke* ii. 29.

7 Lord

7 Lord, hear our pray'r, indulge our hope,
On theſe thy Spirit pour;
That they may take our ſtory up,
When we can ſpeak no more.

XXVI. *Travelling in Birth for Souls.* Gal. iv. 19.

1 WHAT contradictions meet
In miniſters employ!
It is a bitter ſweet,
A ſorrow full of joy:
No other poſt affords a place
For equal honour, or diſgrace!

2 Who can deſcribe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel;
Conſtrain'd, to ſpeak in vain,
To hearts as hard as ſteel!
Or who can tell the pleaſures felt,
When ſtubborn hearts begin to melt.

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The ſoul's amazing worth;
Their utmoſt efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth:
They pray and ſtrive, their reſt departs,
Till Christ be form'd in ſinners hearts.

4 If ſome ſmall hope appear,
They ſtill are not content;
But, with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
Then how their inmoſt ſouls are griev'd!

5 But when their pains ſucceed,
And from the tender blade,
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are over-paid
No harveſt joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

6 On what has now been ſown,
Thy bleſſing, LORD, beſtow;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it ſpring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harveſt raiſe,
And thou, alone, ſhalt have the praiſe.

XXVII. *We are Ambaſſadors for* CHRIST. 2 Cor. v. 20.

1 THY meſſage by the preacher, ſeal,
And let thy pow'r be known;
That ev'ry ſinner here, may feel
The word is not his own.

2 Amongſt the foremoſt of the throng
Who dare thee to thy face,
He in rebellion ſtood too long,
And fought againſt thy grace.

3 But grace prevail'd, he mercy found,
And now by thee is ſent,
To tell his fellow-rebels round,
And call them to repent.

4 In JESUS, GOD is reconcil'd,
The worſt may be forgiv'n;
Come and he'll own you as a child,
And make you heirs of heav'n.

5 Oh, may the word of goſpel truth
Your chief deſires engage;
And JESUS be your guide in youth,
Your joy in hoary age.

6 Perhaps the year, that's now begun,
May prove to ſome their laſt;
The ſands of life may ſoon be run,
The day of grace be paſt.

7 Think,

7 Think, if you ſlight this embaſſy,
And will not warning take;
When JESUS in the clouds you ſee,
What anſwer will you make?

XXVIII. *PAUL's farewel Charge.* Acts xx. 26, 27.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends
It was a weeping day;
But JESUS made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2 Ere long they met again with joy,
(Secure no more to part)
Where praiſes every tongue employ,
And pleaſure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children ſoon ſhall meet;
Together ſee their Saviour's face,
And worſhip at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Tho' oft and plainly warn'd;
Will tremble, when they meet again,
The miniſters they ſcorn'd,

5 On your own heads your blood will fall
If any periſh here;
The preachers who have told you *all*,
Shall ſtand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, LORD, to ſave themſelves alone,
Is not their utmoſt view;
Oh! hear their pray'r thy meſſage own,
And ſave their hearers too.

XXIX. *How*

XXIX. *How shall I put thee among the Children?* Jer. iii. 19.

1 ALAS! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to ev'ry ill!
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child?

3 Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means
Which shall effectual prove;
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 JESUS for sinners undertakes,
And dy'd that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

5 Yet one thing more must grace provide
To bring us home to GOD;
Or we shall slight the LORD, who dy'd,
And trample on his blood.

6 The holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth:
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.

7 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd and sav'd, by grace;
Rebels, in GOD's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

XXX. *Winter.* (o).

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand,
Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground!
But

(o) *Book* III. *Hymn* 31,

But ſpring ſhall ſoon his rage withſtand,
And ſpread new beauties all around.

2 My ſoul a ſharper winter mourns;
Barren and fruitleſs I remain;
When will the gentle ſpring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3 JESUS, my glorious Sun, ariſe!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! huſh theſe ſtorms and clear my ſkies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear LORD, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Muſt it be winter all the year?

5 Be ſtill, my ſoul, and wait this hour,
With humble pray'r, and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repoſe on what his promiſe ſaith.

6 He, by whoſe all commanding word (*p*),
Seaſons their changing courſe maintain;
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none ſhall ſeek his face in vain.

XXXI. *Waiting for Spring.*

1 THO' cloudy ſkies, and northern blaſts
Retard the gentle ſpring a while;
The ſun will conqu'ror prove at laſt,
And nature wear a vernal ſmile.

2 The promiſe which from age to age,
Has brought the changing ſeaſons round;
Again ſhall claim the winter's rage,
Perfume the air and paint the ground.

3 The virtue of that firſt command,
I know ſtill does and will prevail;

(*p*) *Geneſis* viii. 22.

That while the earth itself shall stand,
The spring and summer shall not fail.

4 Such changes are for us decreed;
Believers have their winters too;
But spring shall certainly succeed,
And all their former life renew.

5 Winter and spring have each their use,
And each, in turn, his people know;
One kills the weeds their hearts produce,
The other makes their graces grow.

6 Tho' like dead trees awhile they seem,
Yet having life within their root,
The welcome spring's reviving beam
Draws forth their blossoms, leaves, and fruit.

7 But if the tree indeed be dead,
It feels no change, tho' spring return,
Its leafless, naked, barren, head,
Proclaims it only fit to burn.

8 Dear Lord, afford our souls a spring,
Thou know'st our winter has been long;
Shine forth, and warm our hearts to sing,
And thy rich grace shall be our song.

XXXII. *Spring.*

1 BLEAK winter is subdu'd at length,
And forc'd to yield the day;
The sun has wasted all his strength,
And driven him away.

2 And now long wish'd for spring is come,
How alter'd is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress't in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

3 Where'er we tread, beneath our feet
The clust'ring flowers spring;

The

The artleſs birds, in concert ſweet,
Invite our hearts to ſing.

4 But ah! in vain I ſtrive to join,
Oppreſs'd with ſin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter ſtill, within,
Tho' all is ſpring without.

5 Oh! would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' theſe clouds and ſhine!
No creature then more bleſt than I,
No ſong more loud than mine.

6 Till then—no ſoftly warbling thruſh,
Nor cowſlip's ſweet perfume;
Nor beauties of each painted buſh,
Can diſſipate my gloom.

7 To Adam, ſoon as he tranſgreſs'd,
Thus Eden bloom'd in vain;
Not paradiſe could give him reſt,
Or ſooth his heart-felt pain.

8 Yet here an emblem I perceive
Of what the LORD can do;
Dear Saviour help me to believe,
That I may flouriſh too.

9 Thy word can ſoon my hopes revive,
Can overcome my foes:
And make my languid graces thrive,
And bloſſom like the roſe.

XXXIII. *Another.*

1 PLEASING ſpring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artleſs lays,
Warble their Creator's praiſe!
Where, in winter, all was ſnow,
Now the flow'rs in cluſters grow,

And

And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

2 What a change has taken place!
Emblem of the spring of grace;
How the soul, in winter, mourns
Till the Lord, the sun returns;
Till the Spirit's gentle rain,
Bids the heart revive again;
Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
And each grace springs forth afresh.

3 Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me feel like what I see;
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song!
Winter threat'ned to destroy
Faith and love, and every joy;
If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not yield thee fruit.

4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice;
O beloved Saviour, haste,
Tell me all the storms are past:
On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life, to what seem'd dead before.

5 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come!
Where the saints no winter fear,
Where 'tis spring throughout the year:
How unlike this state below!
There the flow'rs unwith'ring blow;
There no chilling blasts annoy,
All is love, and bloom, and joy.

XXXIV. *Summer Storms.* (q)

1 THO' the morn may be ſerene,
Not a threat'ning cloud be ſeen;
Who can undertake to ſay
'Twill be pleaſant all the day?
Tempeſts ſuddenly may riſe,
Darkneſs overſpread the ſkies!
Light'nings flaſh, and thunders roar,
Ere a ſhort-liv'd day be o'er.

2 Often thus, the child of grace,
Enters on his Chriſtian race;
Guilt and fear are overborne,
'Tis with him a ſummer's morn;
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things ſeem to ſmile around;
And he hopes it will be fair,
All the day, and all the year.

3 Should we warn him of a change,
He would think the caution ſtrange;
He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring ſtorm appears (r);
Till dark clouds his ſun conceal,
Till temptation's pow'r he feel;
Then he trembles, and looks pale,
All his hopes and courage fail.

4 But the wonder-working LORD,
Sooths the tempeſt by his word;
Stills the thunder, ſtops the rain,
And his ſun breaks forth again:
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys, and now he mourns;
Oft his ſky is overcaſt,
Ere the day of life be paſt.

5 Try'd believers too can ſay,
In the courſe of one ſhort day,

Q 2 Tho'

(q) *Book* III. *Hymn* 68. (r) *Book* I. *Hymn* 44.

Tho' the morning has been fair,
Prov'd a golden hour of pray'r;
Sin and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight;
Ah! what heart-felt peace and joy
Unexpected ſtorms deſtroy.

6 Deareſt Saviour, call us ſoon
To thine high eternal noon;
Never there ſhall tempeſt riſe
To conceal thee from our eyes;
Satan ſhall no more deceive,
We no more thy Spirit grieve;
But thro' cloudleſs, endleſs days,
Sound, to golden harps, thy praiſe.

XXXV. *Hay-time.*

1 THE graſs and flow'rs, which clothe the field,
And look ſo green and gay;
Touch'd by the ſcythe, defenceleſs yield,
And fall, and fade away.

2 Fit emblem of our mortal ſtate!
Thus in the ſcripture glaſs,
The young, the ſtrong, the wiſe, the great,
May ſee themſelves but graſs (*s*)

3 Ah! truſt not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own;
Around you ſee the ſcythe of death
Is mowing thouſands down.

4 And you, who hitherto are ſpar'd,
Muſt ſhortly yield your lives;
Your wiſdom is to be prepar'd,
Before the ſtroke arrives.

5 The

(*s*) *Iſaiah* xl. 7.

5 The grafs, when dead, revives no more:
You die to live again;
But oh! if death ſhould prove the door
To everlaſting pain.

6 LORD, help us to obey thy call,
That from our ſins ſet free;
When, like the graſs, our bodies fall,
Our ſouls may ſpring to thee.

XXXVI. *Harveſt.*

1 SEE! the corn again in ear!
How the fields and vallies ſmile!
Harveſt now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil:
Gracious LORD, ſecure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have ſinn'd, but thou art good.

2 While I view the plenteous grain
As it ripens on the ſtalk;
May I not inſtruction gain,
Helpful, to my daily walk?
All this plenty of the field
Was produc'd from foreign ſeeds;
For the earth itſelf would yield
Only crops of uſeleſs weeds.

3 Tho' when newly ſown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground
(Some might think it thrown away)
Now a large increaſe is found:
Tho' conceal'd, it was not loſt,
Tho' it dy'd it lives again;
Eaſtern ſtorms, and nipping froſts
Have oppos'd its growth in vain.

4 Let

4 Let the praiſe be all the LORD's,
As the benefit is our's!
He, in ſeaſon ſtill affords
Kindly heat, and gentle ſhow'rs:
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands;
And when harveſt-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper ſtands.

5 Thus in barren hearts he ſows
Precious ſeeds of heav'nly joy (*t*);
Sin, and hell, in vain oppoſe,
None can grace's crop deſtroy:
Threat'ned oft, tho' ſtill it blooms,
After many changes paſt,
Death, the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at laſt.

CHRISTMAS.

XXXVII. *Praiſe for the Incarnation.*

1 SWEETER ſounds than muſic knows
Charm me in EMMANUEL's name;
All her hopes my ſpirit owes
To his birth, and croſs, and ſhame.

2 When he came, the angels ſung,
"Glory be to GOD on high;"
LORD, unlooſe my ſtamm'ring tongue,
Who ſhall louder ſing than I?

3 Did the LORD a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and ſuffer in my room,
And canſt thou, my tongue, be ſtill?

4 No, I muſt my praiſes bring,
Tho' they worthleſs are and weak;

For

(*t*) *Hoſea* xiv. 7. *Mark.* iv. 26—29.

For ſhould I refuſe to ſing
Sure the very ſtones would ſpeak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Huſband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

XXXVIII. (c) *JEHOVAH-JESUS.*

1 MY ſong ſhall bleſs the LORD of all,
My praiſe ſhall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty GOD.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of ſenſe;
Eternal ages ſaw him ſhine;
He ſhines, eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the ſky;
As when the ſix days work he made,
Fill'd all the morning-ſtars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his deareſt claim;
That gracious ſound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns EMMANUEL for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I ſee:
My boſom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worſhip him who dy'd for me.

6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's ſure, and muſt be mine.

XXXIX.

XXXIX. *Man honored above Angels.*

1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King,
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain (*u*);
Not only say, "He suffered thus,"
But that he suffer'd all for *us*.

3 When angels by transgression fell,
Justice confin'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan,
To save and honor fallen man.

4 JESUS, who pass'd the angels by (*x*)
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
And still he makes it his abode,
As man he fills the throne of GOD.

5 Our next of kin, our brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest int'rest claim.

6 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies;
That we who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

7 Oh glorious hour, it comes with speed!
When we from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the GOD who dy'd for man,
And praise him more than angels can (*y*).

XL. *Saturday Evening*

1 SAFELY thro' another week
GOD has brought us on our way;

Let

(*u Rev.* v. *x*) *Heb.* ii. 16. (*y*) *Book* III. *Hymn* 88.

Let us now a bleſſing ſeek,
On th' approaching ſabbath-day:
Day of all the week the beſt;
Emblem of eternal reſt.

2 Mercies multiply'd each hour,
Thro' the week our praiſe demand;
Guarded by Almighty pow'r,
Fed and guided by his hand:
Tho' ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of ſin.

3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name;
Shew thy reconciled face,
Shine away our ſin and ſhame:
From our worldly care ſet free,
May we reſt this night with thee.

4 When the morn ſhall bid us riſe,
May we feel thy preſence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy houſe appear!
There afford us, LORD, a taſte,
Of our everlaſting feaſt.

5 May the goſpel's joyful ſound
Conquer ſinners, comfort ſaints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our ſabbaths prove
Till we join the church above!

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

XLI. *EBENEZER.* (z).

1 THE LORD, our ſalvation and light,
The guide and the ſtrength of our days;

Has

(z) 1 *Sam.* vii. 12.

Has brought us together to-night,
A new Ebenezer to raise:
The year we have now passed thro',
His goodness with blessings has crown'd
Each morning his mercies were new,
Then let our thanksgivings abound.

2 Encompass'd with dangers and snares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints;
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,
His hand open'd wide to our wants:
We never besought him in vain,
When burden'd with sorrow or sin,
He help'd us again and again,
Or where before now had we been?

3 His gospel, throughout the long year,
From sabbath to sabbath he gave;
How oft has he met with us here,
And shewn himself mighty to save?
His candlestick has been remov'd
From churches once privileg'd thus;
But tho' we unworthy have prov'd,
It still is continu'd to us.

4 For so many mercies receiv'd,
Alas! what returns have we made?
His spirit we often have griev'd,
And evil for good have repaid:
How well it becomes us to cry,
"Oh, who is a God like to thee?
Who passest iniquities by,
And plungest them deep in the sea!"

5 To Jesus who sits on the throne,
Our best hallelujahs we bring;
To thee it is owing alone,
That we are permitted to sing:

Assist

Assist us, we pray, to lament
The sins of the year that is past;
And grant that the next may be spent
Far more to thy praise than the last.

XLII. *Another.*

1 LET hearts and tongues unite
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
To sing the Saviour's praise.

2 To him we owe our breath.
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.

3 When on the breast we hung
Our help was in the LORD;
'Twas he first taught our infant tongue
To form the lisping word.

4 When in our blood we lay
He would not let us die,
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.

5 In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still;
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.

6 And since his name we knew,
How gracious has he been:
What dangers has he led us thro',
What mercies have we seen!

7 Now thro' another year
Supported by his care;
We raise our Ebenezer here,
"The LORD has help'd thus far."

8 Our lot in future years,
Unable to foreſee;
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, "Leave it all to me."

9 Yea Lord, we wiſh to caſt
Our cares upon thy breaſt!
Help us to praiſe thee for the paſt,
And truſt thee for the reſt.

II. ORDINANCES.

XLIII. *On opening a Place for ſocial Prayer.*

1 O Lord, our languid ſouls inſpire,
For here, we truſt, thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy preſence now diſplay;
As thou haſt giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Shew us ſome token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raiſe;
And pour thy bleſſings from above,
That we may render praiſe.

4 Within theſe walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conſcience eaſe
The wounded ſpirit heal.

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind beſtow;
And ſhine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

6 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith preſent our pray'rs;

And,

And, in the preſence of our LORD,
Unboſom all our cares.

7 And may the goſpel's joyful ſound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many ſinners round,
To come and fill the place.

XLIV. (c) *Another.*

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-ſeat;
Where'er they ſeek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabiteſt the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy choſen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The ſweetneſs of thy ſaving name.

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To ſtrengthen faith, and ſweeten care;
To teach our faint deſires to riſe,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We ſtretch the curtain and the cord (*a*);
Come thou, and fill this wider ſpace,
And bleſs us with a large encreaſe.

6 LORD, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor ſhort thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thouſand hearts thine own!

XLV.

(*a*) *Iſaiah* liv. 2.

XLV. *The Lord's Day.*

1 HOW welcome to the saints, when prefs'd
With fix days noife, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of reft,
Which hides them from the world awhile?

2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They feem to breathe a diff'rent air;
Compos'd and foften'd by the day,
All things another afpect wear.

3 How happy if their lot is caft,
Where ftatedly the gofpel founds!
The word is honey to their taſte,
Renews their ſtrength, and heals their wounds!

4 Tho' pinch'd with poverty at home,
With ſharp affliction daily fed;
It makes amends, if they can come
To GOD's own houſe for heav'nly bread!

5 With joy they haſten to the place,
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feaſt upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

6 This favor'd lot, my friends, is ours,
May we the privilege improve;
And find theſe conſecrated hours,
Sweet earneſts of the joys above!

7 We thank thee for thy day, O LORD,
Here we thy promis'd preſence ſeek;
Open thine hand with bleſſings ſtor'd,
And give us Manna for the week.

XLVI. *Gofpel Privileges.*

1 O Happy they who know the LORD,
With whom he deigns to dwell!

He

He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He stands engag'd to hear.

3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness to his praise;
His love is still the same.

4 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
And bid us seek his face;
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,
And taste the gospel grace.

5 Oft in his house his glory shines
Before our wond'ring eyes;
We wish not, then, for golden mines,
Or ought beneath the skies.

6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

7 LORD, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still, to find thee near,
And own us, still, for thine.

8 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
These tokens of thy love;
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

XLVII. *Another.*

1 HAPPY are they to whom the LORD
His gracious Name makes known!

And by his Spirit, and his word,
Adopts them for his own!

2 He calls them to his mercy-ſeat,
And hears their humble pray'r;
And when within his houſe they meet,
They find his preſence near.

3 The force of their united cries
No pow'r can long withſtand;
For JESUS helps them from the ſkies,
By his Almighty hand.

4 Then mountains ſink at once to plains,
And light from darkneſs ſprings;
Each ſeeming loſs improves their gains,
Each trouble comfort brings.

5 Tho' men deſpiſe them, or revile,
They count the trial ſmall;
Whoever frowns, if JESUS ſmile,
It makes amends for all.

6 Tho' meanly clad, and coarſely fed,
And, like their Saviour, poor;
They would not change their goſpel bread
For all the worldling's ſtore.

7 When chear'd with faith's ſublimer joys,
They mount on eagle's wings;
They can diſdain, as children's toys,
The pride and pomp of kings.

8 Dear LORD, aſſiſt our ſouls to pay
The debt of praiſe we owe;
That we enjoy a goſpel day,
And heav'n begun below.

XLVII.

XLVIII. *Praise for the continuance of the Gospel.* (b)

1 ONCE, while we aim'd at Zion's songs,
A sudden mourning check'd our tongues!
Then we were call'd to sow in tears,
The seeds of joy for future years.

2 Oft as that memorable hour
The changing year brings round again;
We meet to praise the love and pow'r,
Which hear'd our cries, and eas'd our pain.

3 Come, ye who trembled for the ark,
Unite in praise for answer'd pray'r!
Did not the LORD our sorrows mark?
Did not our sighing reach his ear?

4 Then smaller griefs were laid aside,
And all our cares sum'd up in one;
"Let us but have thy word, we cry'd,
In other things, thy will be done."

5 Since he has granted our request,
And we still hear the gospel voice;
Altho' by many trials prest,
In this we can and will rejoice.

6 Tho' to our lot temptations fall,
Tho' pain and want, and cares annoy;
The precious gospel sweetens all,
And yields us med'cine, food, and joy.

XLIX. *A Famine of the word.*

1 GLADNESS was spread thro' Israel's host
When first they Manna view'd;
They labour'd who should gather most,
And thought it pleasant food.

2 But

(b) Wherever a separation is threatened beween a minister and people who dearly love each other, this hymn may be as seasonable as it was once in Olney.

2 But when they had it long enjoy'd,
From day to day, the same;
Their hearts were by the plenty cloy'd,
Altho' from heav'n it came.

3 Thus gospel bread at first is priz'd,
And makes a people glad;
But afterwards, too much despis'd,
When easy to be had.

4 But should the LORD, displeas'd withhold
The bread his mercy sends;
To have our houses fill'd with gold,
Would make but poor amends.

5 How tedious would the week appear,
How dull the sabbath prove;
Could we no longer meet to hear
The precious truths we love?

6 How would believing parents bear,
To leave their heedless youth,
Expos'd to ev'ry fatal snare,
Without the light of truth?

7 The gospel, and a praying few,
Our bulwark long have prov'd;
But OLNEY sure the day will rue,
When these shall be remov'd.

8 Then sin, in this once favor'd town,
Will triumph unrestrain'd;
And wrath and vengeance hasten down,
No more by pray'r detain'd.

9 Preserve us from this judgment, LORD,
For JESUS' sake we plead;
A famine of the gospel word
Would be a stroke indeed!

L.

L. *Prayer for Miniſters.*

1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy choſen ſheep,
From death and ſin ſet free ;
May ev'ry under-ſhepherd keep
His eye, intent on thee !

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will ;
Compaſſion, patience, love and care,
And faithfulneſs and ſkill.

3 Enflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach ;
And let them live, and let them feel
The ſacred truths they preach.

4 Oh, never let the ſheep complain,
That toys, which fools amuſe ;
Ambition, pleaſure, praiſe or gain,
Debaſe the Shepherd's views.

5 He that for theſe, forbears to feed
The ſouls whom JESUS loves ;
Whate'er he may profeſs, or plead,
An idle ſhepherd proves (*c*).

6 The ſword of GOD ſhall break his arm,
A blaſt ſhall blind his eye ;
His word ſhall have no power to warm,
His gifts ſhall all grow dry.

7 O LORD avert this heavy woe,
Let all thy ſhepherds ſay !
And grace, and ſtrength, on each beſtow,
To labor while 'tis day.

LI. *Prayer for a Revival.*

1 SAVIOUR, viſit thy plantation,
Grant us, LORD, a gracious rain !

All

(*c*) *Zechariah* ix. 17.

All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:

Break

Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the ſtony heart to fleſh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afreſh.

LII. *Hoping for a Revival.*

1 MY harp untun'd, and laid aſide,
(To cheerful hours the harp belongs)
My cruel foes, inſulting cry'd,
"Come, ſing us one of Zion's ſongs."

2 Alas! when ſinners blindly bold,
At Zion ſcoff, and Zion's King;
When zeal declines and love grows cold,
Is this a day for me to ſing?

3 Time was, whene'er the ſaints I met,
With joy and praiſe my boſom glow'd;
But now, like Eli, ſad I ſit,
And tremble for the ark of GOD.

4 While thus to grief my ſoul gave way,
To ſee the work of GOD decline,
Methought I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Diſmiſs thy fears, the ark is mine.

5 "Tho' for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r;
Still wreſtle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour,

6 "Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've ſeen thy tears, and hear'd thy pray'r,
The winter ſeaſon has been ſharp,
But ſpring ſhall all its waſtes repair."

7 LORD, I obey, my hopes revive,
Come join with me, ye ſaints, and ſing;
Our foes in vain againſt us ſtrive,
For GOD will help and healing bring.

SACRA-

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

LIII. (c) *Welcome to the Table.*

1 THIS is the feaſt of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to ſup;
The juices of the living vine
Were preſs'd to fill the cup.

2 Oh, bleſs the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a coſtlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread!

3 The vile, the loſt, he calls to them,
Ye trembling ſouls appear!
The righteous in their own eſteem,
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach ye poor, nor dare refuſe
The banquet ſpread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and ſin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I ſhall ſee his face.

LIV. Christ *crucified.*

1 WHEN on the croſs, my Lord I ſee
Bleeding to death, for wretched me:
Satan and ſin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails, pierce thro' my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with ſtreaming eyes,
But ſee! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come

3 Come, ſinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his ſide, and venture near,
The well of endleſs life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet ſtill my thirſt remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can ſatisfy the thirſt of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue ſhall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name diſpels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the ſound.

LV. (c) Jesus *haſting to Suffer.*

1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breaſt,
When haſting to Jeruſalem
He march'd before the reſt!

2 Good-will to men and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engroſs;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood (*d*),
He pants to reach the croſs.

3 With all his ſuff'rings full in view,
And woes, to us, unknown,
Forth to the taſk his ſpirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

4 Lord, we return thee what we can!
Our hearts ſhall ſound abroad
Salvation, to the dying Man,
And to the riſing God!

(*d*) *Luke* xii. 50.

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes;
We learn our lighter croſs to bear,
And haſten to the ſkies.

LVI. *It is good to be here.*

1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep, and love my life away!
While I ſee him on the tree
Weep and bleed, and die for me!

2 That dear blood, for ſinners ſpilt,
Shews my ſin in all its guilt:
Ah, my ſoul, he bore thy load,
Thou haſt ſlain the Lamb of GOD.

3 Hark! his dying word, "Forgive,
Father, let the ſinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ranſom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon ſeal'd;
All my ſoft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell world, thy gold is droſs,
Now I ſee the bleeding croſs;
JESUS dy'd to ſet me free
From the law, and ſin and thee!

6 He has dearly bought my ſoul.
LORD, accept, and claim the whole!
To thy will I all reſign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.

LVII. *Looking at the Croſs.*

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by ſhame or fear;

Till

Till a new object ſtruck my ſight,
And ſtopp'd my wild career.

2 I ſaw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his croſs I ſtood.

3 Sure, never to my lateſt breath,
Can I forget that look;
It ſeem'd to charge me with his death,
Tho' not a word he ſpoke.

4 My conſcience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in deſpair;
I ſaw my ſins his blood had ſpilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where ſhall my trembling ſoul be hid?
For I the LORD have ſlain.

6 A ſecond look he gave, which ſaid,
"I freely all Forgive;
This blood is for thy ranſom paid;
I die, that thou may'ſt live."

7 Thus, while his death my ſin diſplays,
In all its blackeſt hue;
(Such is the myſtery of grace)
It ſeals my pardon too.

8 With pleaſing grief and mournful joy,
My ſpirit now is fill'd;
That I ſhould ſuch a life deſtroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

LVIII. *Supplies in the Wilderneſs.*

1 WHEN Iſrael by divine command,
The pathleſs deſert trod,

They

They found, tho' 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in GOD.

2 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And screen'd them from the heat;
From the hard rocks the water flow'd,
And Manna was their meat.

3 Like them we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse pow'rs:
Like them we pass a desert too;
But Israel's GOD is ours.

4 Yes, in this barren wilderness,
He is to us the same;
By his appointed means of grace,
As once he was to them.

5 His word a light before us spreads
By which our path we see;
His love a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

6 JESUS the bread of life is giv'n
To be our daily food;
We drink a wond'rous stream from heav'n,
'Tis water, wine and blood.

7 LORD, 'tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are divine;
I envy not the worldling's store,
If Christ and heav'n are mine.

LIX. *Communion with the Saints in glory.*

1 REFRESHED by the bread and wine,
The pledges of our Saviour's love;
Now let our hearts and voices join
In songs of praise with those above.

2 Do they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb?"
Altho' we cannot reach their strains,

Yet

Yet we, thro' grace, can ſing the ſame.
For us he dy'd, for us he reigns.

3 If they behold him face to face,
While we a glimpſe can only ſee;
Yet equal debtors to his grace,
As ſafe and as belov'd are we.

4 They had, like us, a ſuff'ring time,
Our cares and fears, and griefs they knew;
But they have conquer'd all thro' him,
And we, ere long, ſhall conquer too.

5 Tho' all the ſongs of ſaints in light,
Are far beneath his matchleſs worth;
His grace is ſuch, he will not ſlight
The poor attempt of worms on earth.

ON PRAYER.

LX. (c) *Exhortation to Prayer.*

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy ſeat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wiſhes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw;
Gives exerciſe to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry bleſſing from above.

3 Reſtraining pray'r we ceaſe to fight;
Pray'r makes the Chriſtian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he ſees
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

4 While Moſes ſtood with arms ſpread wide,
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's ſide (e);
But when thro' wearineſs they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have

(e) *Exod.* xvii. 11.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent;
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me."

LXI. *Power of Prayer.*

1 IN themselves, as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
When temptations, foes and storms,
Press them close on ev'ry hand?

2 Weak, indeed, they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace;
And the GOD, who answers pray'r
Helps them when they seek his face.

3 Tho' the LORD awhile delay,
Succour they at length obtain;
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling pray'r can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Pray'r can force a passage thro'
Iron bars and brazen gates.

5 Hezekiah on his knees,
Proud Assyria's host subdu'd;
And when smitten with disease,
Had his life by pray'r renew'd.

6 Peter, tho' confin'd and chain'd,
Pray'r prevail'd and brought him out;
When Elijah pray'd, it rain'd,
After three long years of drought.

7 We

7 We can likewise witness bear,
That the LORD is still the same;
Tho' we fear'd he would not hear,
Suddenly deliv'rance came.

8 For the wonders he has wrought,
Let us now our praises give;
And by sweet experience taught,
Call upon him while we live.

ON THE SCRIPTURE.

LXII. (c) *The light and glory of the Word.*

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
'Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

LXIII. *The Word more precious than Gold.*

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of GOD afford!

All

All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying CHRIST I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's Sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a Sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:
JESUS gives me in his word,
Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword.

III. PRO-

III. PROVIDENCES.

LXIV. *On the commencement of hostilities in America.*

1 THE gath'ring clouds, with aspect dark
A rising storm presage ;
Oh to be hid within the ark,
And shelter'd from its rage !

2 See the commission'd angel frown *(f)* !
That vial in his hand,
Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land!

3 Ye saints unite in wrestling pray'r,
If yet there may be hope ;
Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop (*g*) !

4 Already is the plague begun (*h*),
And fir'd with hostile rage,
Brethren, by blood and int'rest one,
With brethren now engage.

5 Peace spreads her wings, prepar'd for flight,
And war with flaming sword,
And hasty strides draws nigh, to fight
The battles of the LORD.

6 The first alarm, alas, how few,
While distant seem to hear !
But they will hear and tremble too
When GOD shall send it near.

7 So thunder o'er the distant hills,
Gives but a murm'ring sound ;
But as the tempest spreads, it fills
And shakes the welkin *(i)* round.

8 May we, at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne ; With

(f) *Rev.* xvi. 1. *(g)* 1 *Sam.* xxiv. 16.
(h) *Numb.* xvi. 46. *(i)* *Firmament or Atmosphere.*

With tears the nation's sins lament,
The churches, and our own.

9 The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The LORD approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

FAST-DAY HYMNS.

LXV. *Confession and Prayer.* Dec. 13, 1776.

1 O H may the pow'r which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The GOD whom we profess to fear!

2 LORD, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee!
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd ungrateful spot;
While other nations, far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt,
That GOD has made our cause his own.

5 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels against his goodness prove (*k*).

6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defy'd
And legions of the blackest crimes,
Profaneness, riot, lust and pride,
Are signs that mark the present times.

7 The

(*k*) *Isaiah* i. 2.

7 The LORD displeas'd, has rais'd his rod;
Ah where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of GOD,
And know what Israel ought to do *(l)*?

8 LORD, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

LXVI. *MOSES and AMALEK (m).*

February 27, 1778.

1 WHILE Joshua led the armed Bands
Of Israel forth to war;
Moses apart with lifted hands
Engag'd in humble pray'r.

2 The armed bands had quickly fail'd,
And perish'd in the fight;
If Moses' pray'r had not prevail'd
To put the foes to flight.

3 When Moses' hands thro' weakness dropp'd,
The warriors fainted too;
Israel's success at once was stopp'd
And Am'lek bolder grew.

4 A people, always prone to boast,
Were taught by this suspence,
That not a num'rous armed host,
But GOD was their defence.

5 We now of fleets and armies vaunt,
And ships and men prepare,
But men like Moses most we want,
To save the state by pray'r

6 Yet, LORD, we hope thou hast prepar'd
A hidden few to-day;

The

(l) 1 *Chron.* xii. 32. *(m)* *Exod.* xvii. 9.

(The nation's ſecret ſtrength and guard)
To weep, and mourn, and pray.

7 O hear their pray'rs, and grant us aid,
Bid war and diſcord ceaſe;
Heal the ſad breach which ſin has made,
And bleſs us all with peace.

LXVII. *The hiding Place.* Feb. 10, 1779.

1 SEE the gloomy gath'ring cloud
Hanging o'er a ſinful land!
Sure the LORD proclaims aloud,
Times of trouble are at hand:
Happy they who, love his name!
They ſhall always find him near;
Tho' the earth were wrapp'd in flame,
They have no juſt cauſe for fear.

2 Hark his voice in accents mild,
(Oh, how comforting and ſweet!)
Speaks to every humble child,
Pointing out a ſure retreat!
"Come, and in my chambers hide *(n)*,
To my ſaints of old well known;
There you ſafely may abide,
Till the ſtorm be overblown.

3 "You have only to repoſe
On my wiſdom, love, and care;
When my wrath conſumes my foes,
Mercy ſhall my children ſpare;
While *they* periſh in the flood.
You that bear my holy mark *(o)*,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Shall be ſafe within the ark."

4 Sinners, ſee the ark prepar'd!
Haſte to enter while there's room;

Tho'

(n) *Iſaiah* xxvi. 20. (o) *Ezekiel* ix. 4.

Tho' the LORD his arm has bar'd,
Mercy ſtill retards your doom:
Seek him while there yet is hope,
Ere the day of grace be paſt,
Leſt in wrath he give you up,
And this call ſhall prove your laſt.

LXVIII. *On the Earthquake*, Sept. 8, 1775.

1 ALTHO' on maſſy pillars built,
The earth has lately ſhook;
It trembles under Britain's guilt,
Before its Maker's look.

2 Swift as the ſhock amazement ſpreads,
And ſinners tremble too;
What flight can ſcreen their guilty heads,
If earth itſelf purſue?

3 But mercy ſpar'd us while it warn'd,
The ſhock is felt no more;
And mercy, now, alas! is ſcorn'd
By ſinners, as before.

4 But if theſe warnings prove in vain,
Say, ſinner, canſt thou tell,
How ſoon the earth may quake again,
And open wide to hell.

5 Repent before the judge draws nigh;
Or elſe when he comes down,
Thou wilt in vain for earthquakes cry,
To hide thee from his frown *(p)*.

6 But happy they who love the LORD,
And his ſalvation know;
The hope that's founded on his word,
No change can overthrow.

7 Should the deep-rooted hills be hurl'd,
And plung'd beneath the ſeas;

(p) Rev. vi. 16.

And ſtrong convulſions ſhake the world,
Your hearts may reſt in peace.

8 Jesus, your Shepherd, Lord, and Chief,
Shall ſhelter you from ill;
And not a worm nor ſhaking leaf
Can move, but at his will.

LXIX. *On the Fire at Olney*, Sept. 22, 1777.

1 WEARIED by day with toil and cares,
How welcome is the peaceful night,
Sweet ſleep our waſted ſtrength repairs,
And fits us for returning light.

2 Yet when our eyes in ſleep are clos'd,
Our reſt may break ere well begun;
To dangers ev'ry hour expos'd,
We neither can foreſee nor ſhun.

3 'Tis of the Lord that we can ſleep
A ſingle night without alarms;
His eye alone our lives can keep
Secure amidſt a thouſand harms.

4 For months and years of ſafety paſt,
Ungrateful we, alas! have been;
Tho' patient long, he ſpoke at laſt,
And bid the fire rebuke our ſin.

5 The ſhout of fire! a dreadful cry,
Impreſs'd each heart with deep diſmay;
While the fierce blaze and red'ning ſky,
Made midnight wear the face of day.

6 The throng and terror who can ſpeak!
The various ſounds that fill'd the air!
The infant's wail, the mother's ſhriek,
The voice of blaſphemy and pray'r!

7 But

7 But pray'r prevail'd, and fav'd the town;
The few who lov'd the Saviour's name,
Were heard, and mercy hasted down
To change the wind, and stop the flame.

8 Oh, may that night be ne'er forgot!
LORD, still increase thy praying few!
Were OLNEY left without a Lot,
Ruin, like Sodom's would ensue.

LXX. *A Welcome to Christian Friends.*

1 KINDRED in CHRIST, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give!

2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd and dy'd, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he is doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

LXXI. *At Parting.*

1 AS the sun's enliv'ning eye
Shines on ev'ry place the same;
So the LORD is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in Spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.

4 For a season call'd to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

5 JESUS, hear our humble pray'r!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

6 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

7 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the LORD,
Who our poor petitions heard.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

LXXII. *On the Death of a Believer.*

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;

The

The glories that furround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, "They're gone!"
Before the willing Spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praise him too.

6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their mem'ry dear;
And, LORD, do thou the pray'rs fulfil,
They offer'd for us here!

7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,
We miss them day by day;
But thou can'st ev'ry breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

8 We pray as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went;
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who stay, be sent.

LXXIII. (c) *On the Death of a Minister.*

1 HIS Master taken from his head,
Elisha saw him go;

And, in desponding accents said,
" Ah, what must Israel do ? '

2 But he forget the Lord who lifts
The beggar to the throne ;
Nor knew, that all Elijah's gifts
Would soon be made his own.

3 What ! when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies ;
Is Israel left without resource ?
And have we no supplies ?

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store ;
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

LXXIV. *The tolling Bell.*

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, " Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die ?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 But could I bear to hear him say,
" Depart, accurs'd, far away !
With Satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

5 Lord Jesus ! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;

Apply

Apply thy blood, thy ſpirit give,
Subdue my ſin, and let me live.

6 Then, when the ſolemn bell I hear,
If ſav'd from guilt I need not fear;
Nor would the thought diſtreſſing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

7 Rather my ſpirit would rejoice,
And long, and wiſh, to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth reſign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

LXXV. *Hope beyond the Grave.*

1 MY ſoul, this curious houſe of clay,
Thy preſent frail abode,
Muſt quickly fall to worms a prey,
And thou return to God.

2 Can'ſt thou, by faith, ſurvey with joy,
The change before it come?
And ſay, "Let death this houſe deſtroy,
I have a heav'nly home!"

3 The Saviour, whom I then ſhall ſee
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepar'd for me,
A manſion in the ſkies (*a*).

4 I feel this mud-wall'd cottage ſhake,
And long to ſee it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To him who is my all.

5 Burthen'd and groaning then no more,
My reſcu'd ſoul ſhall ſing,
As up the ſhining path I ſoar,
"Death, thou haſt loſt thy ſting."

6 Dear

(*a*) 2 Cor. v. 1.

6 Dear Saviour, help us now to seek,
And know thy grace's pow'r;
That we may all this language speak,
Before the dying hour.

LXXVI. *There the Weary are at Rest.*

1 COURAGE, my soul! behold the prize,
The Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the skies,
For all whom here he guides.

2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest (*b*);
Sorrow and sin, and pain and care,
No more approach the blest.

3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd;
Each acts a too successful part
In harrassing my mind,

4 In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, LORD, am I!
Did not thy promise bear me up,
My soul must faint and die.

5 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Tho' mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqu'ror be at length,
O'er all that can oppose.

6 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory see!
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

LXXVII. *The Day of Judgment.*

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder

(*b*) *Job* iii. 17.

Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round! [confound!
How the summons will the sinners heart

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine;
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, This GOD is mine! [thine!
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for

4 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee: [thee!
Careless sinner, what will then become of

4 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence accurs'd wretch, depart! [part."
Thou with Satan and his angels, have thy

5 Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake: [stake.
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at

6 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the LORD below;
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow; [know.
You for ever shall my love and glory

7 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly GOD's great day approaches
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise: [blaze.
We shall triumph when the world is in a

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII. *The Day of the* Lord. (*c*).

1 GOD with one piercing glance looks thro'
Creation's wide extended frame;
The paſt and future in his view,
And days and ages are the ſame (*d*).

2 Sinners who dare provoke his face,
Who on his patience long preſume,
And trifle out his day of grace,
Will find he has a day of doom.

3 As pangs the lab'ring woman feels,
Or as the thief, in midnight ſleep;
So comes that day, for which the wheels
Of time their ceaſeleſs motion keep!

4 Hark! from the ſky, the trump proclaims
Jesus the Judge approaching nigh!
See, the creation wrapt in flames,
Firſt kindled by his vengeful eye!

5 When thus the mountains melt like wax;
When earth, and air, and ſee, ſhall burn;
When all the frame of nature breaks,
Poor ſinner, whither wilt thou turn?

6 The puny works which feeble men
Now boaſt, or covet, or admire;
Their pomp, and arts, and treaſures, then
Shall periſh in one common fire.

7 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above!
Since all below to ruin tends;
Here may we truſt, obey, and love,
And there be found amongſt thy friends.

LXXIX. *The great Tribunal.* (*e*).

1 JOHN in a viſion, ſaw the day
When the Judge will haſten down;
Heav'n

(*c*) *Book* III. *Hymn* 4. (*d*) 2 *Pet.* iii. 8---10.
(*e*) *Rev.* xx. 11---12.

Heav'n and earth shall flee away
From the terror of his frown :
Dead and living, small and great,
Raised from the earth and sea ;
At his bar shall hear their fate,
What will then become of me ?

2 Can I bear his awful looks ?
Shall I stand in judgment then,
When I see the open'd books,
Written by the Almighty's pen ?
If he to remembrance bring,
And expose to public view,
Every work and secret thing ;
Ah, my soul, what canst thou do ?

3 When the list shall be produc'd
Of the talents I enjoy'd ;
Means and mercies, how abus'd !
Time and strength, how misemploy'd !
Conscience then compell'd to read,
Must allow the charge is true ;
Say, my soul, what canst thou plead
In that hour, what wilt thou do ?

4 But the book of life I see,
May my name be written there !
Then from guilt and danger free,
Glad I'll meet him in the air :
That's the book I hope to plead,
'Tis the gospel open'd wide ;
Lord, I am a wretch indeed !
I have sinn'd, but thou hast dy'd (*f*).

5 Now my soul knows what to do ;
Thus I shall with boldness stand,
Number'd with the faithful few,
Own'd and sav'd, at thy right hand :
If thou help a feeble worm
To believe thy promise now ;

Justice

(*f*) *Rom.* vii.. 34.

Juſtice will at laſt confirm
What thy mercy wrought below.

IV. CREATION.

LXXX. *The old and New Creation.*

1 THAT was a wonder-working word,
Which could the vaſt creation raiſe!
Angels, attendant on their LORD (*g*);
Admir'd the plan, and ſung his praiſe.

2 From what a dark and ſhapeleſs maſs,
All nature ſprang at his command!
Let there be light, and light there was,
And ſun, and ſtars, and ſea, and land.

3 With equal ſpeed the earth and ſeas,
Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd;
He ſpake, and ſtrait the plants and trees,
And birds and beaſts, and man were made.

4 But man, the lord and crown of all,
By ſin his honor ſoon defac'd;
His heart (how alter'd ſince the fall!)
Is dark, deform'd, and void, and waſte.

5 The new creation of the ſoul
Does now no leſs his pow'r diſplay (*b*);
Than when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkneſs into day.

6 Tho' ſelf-deſtroy'd, O LORD, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canſt do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

LXXXI.

(*g*) *Job.* xxxiii. 7. (*b*) *Cor.* 2. v. 6.

LXXXI. *The Book of Creation.*

1 THE book of nature open lies,
With much inſtruction ſtor'd;
But till the LORD anoints our eyes,
We cannot read a word.

2 Philoſophers have por'd in vain,
And gueſs'd from age to age;
For reaſon's eye could ne'er attain
To underſtand a page.

3 Tho' to each ſtar they give a name,
Its ſize and motions teach,
The truths which all the ſtars proclaim,
Their wiſdom cannot reach.

4 With ſkill to meaſure earth and ſea,
And weigh the ſubtle air;
They cannot, LORD, diſcover thee,
Tho' preſent ev'ry where.

5 The knowledge of the ſaints excels
The wiſdom of the ſchools;
To them his ſecrets God reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.

6 To them the ſun and ſtars on high
The flow'rs that paint the field (*i*),
And all the artleſs birds that fly,
Divine inſtruction yield.

7 The creatures on their ſenſes preſs,
As witneſſes to prove
Their Saviour's pow'r, and faithfulneſs,
His providence and love.

8 Thus may we ſtudy nature's book,
To make us wiſe indeed!

(*i*) *Matt.* vi. 26. 28.

And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read (*k*).

LXXXII. *The Rainbow.*

1 WHEN the sun, with cheerful beams,
Smiles upon a low'ring sky;
Soon its aspect soft'ned seems,
And a rainbow meets the eye:
While the sky remains serene,
This bright arch is never seen.

2 Thus the LORD's supporting pow'r
Brightest to his saints appears,
When affliction's threat'ning hour
Fills their sky with clouds and fears:
He can wonders then perform,
Paint a rainbow on the storm (*l*).

3 All their graces doubly shine,
When their troubles press them sore;
And the promises divine
Give them joys unknown before:
As the colours of the bow,
To the cloud their brightness owe.

4 Favor'd John a rainbow saw (*m*)
Circling round the throne above;
Hence the saints a pledge may draw
Of unchanging cov'nant love:
Clouds awhile may intervene,
But the bow will still be seen.

LXXXIII. *Thunder.*

1 WHEN a black o'erspreading cloud
Has darken'd all the air;
And peals of thunder roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempest near.

2 Then

(*k*) *Rom.* i. 20. (*l*) *Gen.* ix. 14. (*m*) *Rev.* iv. 3.

2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of ſin,
The ſinner oft purſue ;
A louder ſtorm is heard within,
And conſcience thunders too.

3 The law a fiery language ſpeaks,
His danger he perceives ;
Like Satan who his ruin ſeeks,
He trembles and believes.

4 But when the ſky ſerene appears,
And thunders roll no more ;
He ſoon forgets his vows and fears,
Juſt as he did before.

5 But whither ſhall the ſinner flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air, and ſea (o)
Shall all diſſolve in flame ?

6 Amazing day ! it comes apace !
The judge is haſting down !
Will ſinners bear to ſee his face,
Or ſtand before his frown.

7 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each ſtubborn heart ;
That they may never hear thee ſay,
" Ye curſed ones depart."

8 Believers you may well rejoice !
The thunder's loudeſt ſtrains
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you, " Jesus reigns !"

LXXXIV. *Lightning in the Night.*

1 A GLANCE from heav'n, with ſweet effect,
Sometimes my penſive ſpirit cheers ;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As ſuddenly it diſappears.

2 So

(o) 2 *Peter* iii. 10.

2 So lightning in the gloom of night,
Affords a momentary day;
Diſcloſing objects full in ſight,
Which ſoon as ſeen, are ſnatch'd away

3 Ah! what avail theſe pleaſing ſcenes!
They do but aggravate my pain;
While darkneſs quickly intervenes,
And ſwallows up my joys again.

4 But ſhall I murmur at relief?
Tho' ſhort, it was a precious view;
Sent to controul my unbelief,
And prove that what I read is true.

5 The lightning's flaſh did not create
The op'ning proſpect it reveal'd!
But only ſhew'd the real ſtate
Of what the darkneſs had conceal'd.

6 Juſt ſo, we by a glimpſe diſcern
The glorious things within the veil;
That when in darkneſs we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.

7 The LORD's great day will ſoon advance,
Diſperſing all the ſhades of night;
Then we no more ſhall need a glance,
But ſee by an eternal light.

LXXXV. *On the Eclipſe of the Moon,* July 30, 1776.

1 THE moon in ſilver glory ſhone,
And not a cloud in ſight,
When ſuddenly a ſhade begun
To intercept her light.

2 How faſt acroſs her orb it ſpread,
How faſt her light withdrew!

A circle,

A circle, ting'd with languid red,
Was all appear'd in view.

3 While many with unmeaning eye,
Gaze on thy works in vain;
Assist me, LORD, that I may try
Instruction to obtain.

4 Fain would my thankful heart and lips
Unite in praise to thee;
And meditate on thy eclipse,
In sad Gethsemane.

5 Thy people's guilt, a heavy load;
(When standing in their room)
Depriv'd thee of the light of GOD,
And fill'd thy soul with gloom.

6 How punctually eclipses move,
Obedient to thy will!
Thus shall thy faithfulness and love,
Thy promises fulfil.

7 Dark, like the moon without the sun,
I mourn thine absence, LORD!
For light or comfort I have none,
But what thy beams afford.

8 But lo! the hour draws near a pace,
When changes shall be o'er;
Then I shall see thee face to face,
And be eclips'd no more.

LXXXVI. *Moon-light.*

1 THE moon has but borrow'd light,
A faint and feeble ray;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herself by day.

2 No cheering warmth her beam conveys,
Tho' pleasing to behold;

We might upon her brightneſs gaze,
Till we were ſtarv'd with cold.

3 Juſt ſuch is all the light to man,
Which reaſon can impart;
It cannot ſhew one object plain,
Nor warm their frozen heart.

4 Thus moon-light views of truth divine
To many fatal prove;
For what avail in gift's to ſhine (*p*)
Without a ſpark of love!

5 The goſpel, like the ſun at noon,
Affords a glorious light;
Then fallen reaſon's boaſted moon
Appears no longer bright.

6 A grace, not light alone, beſtows,
But adds a quick'ning pow'r;
The defart bloſſoms like the roſe (*q*)
And ſin prevails no more.

LXXXVII. *The Sea.* (*r*)

1 IF for a time the air be calm,
Serene and ſmooth the ſea appears!
And ſhews no danger to alarm
The unexperienc'd landſman's fears.

2 But if the tempeſt once ariſe,
The faithleſs water ſwells and raves;
Its billows, foaming to the ſkies,
Diſcloſe a thouſand threat'ning graves.

3 My untry'd heart thus ſeem'd to me,
(So little of myſelf I knew)
Smooth as the calm unruffled ſea,
But ah! it prov'd as treach'rous too!

4 The peace, of which I had a taſte,
When JESUS firſt his love reveal'd;
I fondly

(*p*) 1 *Cor.* xiii. 1. (*q*) *Iſaiah* xxxv. 1. (*r*) *Book* I. *Hymn* 115.

I fondly hop'd would always laſt,
Becauſe my foes were then conceal'd.

5 But when I felt the tempter's pow'r
Rouſe my corruptions from their ſleep;
I trembled at the ſtormy hour,
And ſaw the horrors of the deep.

6 Now on preſumption's billows borne,
My ſpirit ſeem'd the LORD to dare;
Now, quick as thought, a ſudden turn
Plung'd me in gulphs of black deſpair.

7 LORD, ſave me, or I ſink, I pray'd;
He heard, and bid the tempeſt ceaſe;
The angry waves his word obey'd,
And all my fears were huſh'd to peace.

8 The peace is his, and not my own,
My heart (no better than before)
Is ſtill to dreadful changes prone,
Then let me never truſt it more.

LXXXVIII. *The Flood.*

1 THO' ſmall the drops of falling rain,
If one be ſingly view'd;
Collected, they o'erſpread the plain,
And form a mighty flood.

2 The houſe it meets within its courſe,
Should not be built on clay;
Leſt, with a wild reſiſtleſs force,
It ſweep the whole away.

3 Tho' for a while it ſeem'd ſecure;
It will not bear the ſhock;
Unleſs it has foundations ſure,
And ſtands upon a rock.

4 Thus ſinners think their evil deeds,
Like drops of rain, are ſmall;

But

But it the pow'r of thought exceeds,
To count the ſum of all.

5 One ſin can raiſe, tho' ſmall it ſeems,
A flood to drown the ſoul;
What then, when countleſs millions ſtreams
Shall join to ſwell the whole.

6 Yet, while they think the weather fair,
If warn'd they ſmile or frown;
But they will tremble and deſpair,
When the fierce flood comes down!

7 Oh! then on JESUS ground your hope,
That ſtone in Zion laid (s);
Leſt your poor building quickly drop,
With ruin, on your head.

LXXXIX. *The Thaw.*

1 THE ice and ſnow we lately ſaw,
Which cover'd all the ground;
Are melted ſoon before the thaw,
And can no more be found.

2 Could all the art of man ſuffice
To move away the ſnow,
To clear the rivers from the ice,
Or make the waters flow?

3 No, 'tis the work of GOD alone;
An emblem of the pow'r
By which he melts the heart of ſtone,
In his appointed hour.

4 All outward means, till he appears,
Will ineffectual prove;
Tho' much the ſinner ſees and hears,
He cannot learn to love.

5 But let the ſtouteſt ſinner feel
The ſoft'ning warmth of grace;

Tho'

(s) *Matt.* vii. 24. 2. *Peter* ii. 6.

Tho' hard as ice, or rocks, or ſteel,
His heart diſſolves apace.

6 Seeing the blood which JESUS ſpilt,
To ſave his ſoul from woe,
His hatred, unbelief, and guilt,
All melt away like ſnow.

7 JESUS, we in thy name entreat,
Reveal thy gracious arm;
And grant thy Spirit's kindly heat,
Our frozen hearts to warm.

XC. *The Loadſtone.*

1 AS needles point towards the pole,
When touch'd by the magnetic ſtone;
So faith in JESUS, gives the ſoul
A tendency before unknown.

2 Till then, by blinded paſſions led,
In ſearch of fancy'd good we range;
The paths of diſappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd, but love of change.

3 But when the Holy Ghoſt imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love;
Our wand'ring, weary, reſtleſs hearts,
Are fix'd at once, no more to move.

4 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will,
This love, another name for grace,
Conſtrains to good, and bars from ill.

5 By love's pure light we ſoon perceive
Our nobleſt bliſs and proper end;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
To love and ſerve our LORD and Friend.

6 Thus borne along by faith and hope,
We feel the Saviour's words are true;

"And

" And I, if I be lifted up (*u*)
Will draw the ſinner upward too."

XCI. *The Spider and Bee.*

1 ON the ſame flow'r we often ſee
The loathſome ſpider and the bee ;
But what they get by working there,
Is diff'rent as their natures are.

2 The bee a ſweet reward obtains,
And honey well repays his pains ;
Home to the hive he bears the ſtore,
And then returns in queſt of more.

3 But no ſweet flow'rs that grace the field,
Can honey to the ſpider yield ;
A cobweb all that he can ſpin,
And poiſon all the ſtores within.

4 Thus in that ſacred field the word,
With flow'rs of GOD's own planting ſtor'd,
Like bees his children feed and thrive,
And bring home honey to the hive.

5 There, ſpider-like, the wicked come,
And ſeem to taſte the ſweet perfume ;
But the vile venom of their hearts,
To poiſon all their food converts.

6 From the ſame truths believers prize,
They weave vain refuges of lies ;
And from the promiſe licenſe draw,
To trifle with the holy law !

7 LORD, ſhall thy word of life and love,
The means of death to numbers prove !
Unleſs thy grace our hearts renew (*x*)
We ſink to hell, with heav'n in view.

XCII.

(*u*) *John* xii. 32. (*x*) *Book* III. *Hymn* 71.

XCII. *The Bee saved from the Spider.*

1 THE subtle spider often weaves
His unexpected snares,
Among the balmy flow'rs and leaves,
To which the bee repairs.

2 When in his web he sees one hang,
With a malicious joy,
He darts upon it with his fang,
To poison and destroy.

3 How welcome then, some pitying friend,
To save the threaten'd bee!
The spider's treach'rous web to rend,
And set the captive free.

4 My soul has been in such a case,
When first I knew the LORD,
I hasted to the means of grace,
Where sweets I knew were stor'd.

5 Little I thought of danger near,
That soon my joys would ebb;
But ah! I met a spider there,
Who caught me in his web.

6 Then Satan rais'd his pois'nous sting,
And aim'd his blows at me;
While I, poor helpless trembling thing,
Could neither fight nor flee,

7 But oh! the Saviour's pitying eye,
Reliv'd me from despair;
He saw me at the point to die
And broke the fatal snare.

8 My case his heedless saints should warn,
Or cheer them if afraid:
May you from me your danger learn,
And where to look for aid.

XCIII.

XCIII. *The tamed Lion.*

1 A LION, tho' by nature wild,
The art of man can tame;
He ſtands before his keeper, mild,
And gentle as a lamb.

2 He watches, with ſubmiſſive eye,
The hand that gives him food;
As if he meant to teſtify
A ſenſe of gratitude.

3 But man himſelf, who thus ſubdues,
The fierceſt beaſts of pray,
A nature more unfeeling, ſhews,
And far more fierce than they.

4 Tho' by the LORD preſerv'd and fed,
He proves rebellious ſtill;
And while he eats his Maker's bread,
Reſiſts his holy will.

5 Alike in vain, of grace that ſaves,
Or threat'ning law he hears:
The ſavage ſcorns, blaſphemes and raves,
But neither loves nor fears.

6 O Saviour! how thy wond'rous pow'r
By angels is proclaim'd!
When in thine own appointed hour,
They ſee this lion tam'd.

7 The love thy bleeding croſs diſplays,
The hardeſt heart ſubdues;
Here furious Lions while they gaze,
Their rage and fierceneſs loſe (*y*).

8 Yet we are but renew'd in part,
The Lion ſtill remains;
LORD, drive him wholly from my heart,
Or keep him faſt in chains.

XCIV.

(*y*) *Iſaiah* xi. 9.

XCIV. *Sheep.*

1 THE Saviour calls his people ſheep,
And bids them on his love rely;
For he alone their ſouls can keep,
And he alone their wants ſupply.

2 The Bull can fight, the Hare can flee,
The Ant, in ſummer, food prepare;
But helpleſs ſheep, and ſuch are we,
Depend upon the ſhepherd's care.

3 JEHOVAH is our Shepherd's name (z),
Then what have we, tho' weak, to fear?
Our ſin and folly we proclaim,
If we deſpond while he is near.

4 When Satan threatens to devour;
When troubles preſs on ev'ry ſide;
Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r,
He can defend, he will provide.

5 See the rich paſtures of his grace,
Where, in full ſtreams, ſalvation flows!
There he appoints our reſting place,
And we may feed, ſecure from foes.

6 There 'midſt the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
The ſheep around in ſafety lie;
The wolf, in vain, with malice ſwells,
For he protects them with his eye (a).

7 Dear LORD, if I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free;
To truſt, and love, and praiſe, is mine,
The care of all belongs to thee.

XCV. *The Garden.*

1 A Garden contemplation ſuits,
And may inſtruction yield,

(z) *Pſalm* xxiii. 1. (a) *Micah* v. 4.

Sweeter than all the flow'rs and fruits
With which the ſpot is fill'd.

2 Eden was Adam's dwelling-place,
While bleſt with innocence;
But ſin o'erwhelm'd him with diſgrace,
And drove the rebel thence.

3 Oft as the garden-walk we tread,
We ſhould bemoan his fall;
The treſpaſs of our legal head
In ruin plung'd us all.

4 The garden of Gethſemane,
The ſecond Adam ſaw,
Oppreſs'd with woe, to ſet us free
From the avenging law.

5 How ſtupid we, who can forget,
With gardens in our ſight,
His agonies and bloody ſweat,
In that tremendous night!

6 His church as a fair garden ſtands,
Which walls of love incloſe;
Each tree is planted by his hand (*b*),
And by his bleſſing grows.

7 Believing hearts are gardens too,
For grace has ſown its ſeeds;
Where once, by nature, nothing grew
But thorns and worthleſs weeds.

8 Such themes to thoſe who JESUS love,
My conſtant joys afford
And make a barren deſart prove
The garden of the LORD.

XCVI. *For a Garden-ſeat or Summer-houſe.*

1 A Shelter from the rain or wind (*c*),
A ſhade from ſcorching heat;
A reſting

(*b*) *Iſaiah* lxi. 3. (*c*) *Iſaiah* xxxii. 2.

A resting place you here may find,
To ease your weary feet.

2 Enter, but with a serious thought,
Consider who is near!
This is a consecrated spot,
The LORD is present here!

3 A question of the utmost weight,
While reading, meets your eye;
May conscience witness to your state,
And give a true reply!

4 Is JESUS to your heart reveal'd,
As full of truth and grace?
And is his name your hope and shield,
Your rest and hiding place?

5 If so, for all events prepar'd,
Whatever storms may rise,
He, whom you love, will safely guard,
And guide you to the skies

6 No burning sun, or storm or rain,
Will there your Peace annoy;
No sin, temptation, grief, or pain,
Intrude to damp your joy.

7 But if his name you have not known,
Oh, seek him while you may!
Lest you should meet his awful frown,
In that approaching day.

8 When the avenging Judge you see,
With terrors on his brow;
Where can you hide, or whither flee,
If you reject him now?

XCVII. *The Creatures in the* LORD's *Hands.*

1 THE water stood like walls of brass,
To let the sons of Israel pass (*d*),

And

(*d*) *Exod.* xiv, 22.

And from the rock in rivers burst (*e*),
At Moses' prayer to quench their thirst

2 The fire restrain'd by GOD's commands,
Could only burn his people's bands (*f*),
Too faint, when he was with them there,
To singe their garments or their hair.

3 At Daniel's feet the Lion's lay (*g*)
Like harmless lambs, nor touch'd their prey,
And Ravens which on carrion fed,
Procur'd Elijah flesh and bread.

4 Thus creatures only can fulfil
Their great Creator's holy will;
And when his servants need their aid,
His purposes must be obey'd.

5 So if his blessing he refuse,
Their pow'r to help they quickly lose;
Sure as on creatures we depend,
Our hopes in disappointment end.

6 Then let us trust the LORD alone,
And creature-confidence disown,
Nor if they threaten, need we fear,
They cannot hurt if he be near.

7 If instruments of pain they prove,
Still they are guided by his love;
As lancets by the surgeon's skill,
Which wound to cure, and not to kill.

XCVIII. *On Dreaming.*

1 WHEN slumber seals our weary eyes,
The busy fancy wakeful keeps;
The scenes which then before us rise,
Prove, something in us never sleeps.

As

(*e*) *Numb.* xx. 11. (*f*) *Daniel* iii. 27.
(*g*) *Daniel* vi. 23.

2 As in another world we seem,
A new creation of our own;
All appears real, tho' a dream,
And all familiar, tho' unknown.

3 Sometimes the mind beholds again
The past day's business in review;
Resumes the pleasure or the pain,
And sometimes all we meet is new.

4 What schemes we form, what pains we take!
We fight, we run, we fly, we fall;
But all is ended when we wake,
We scarcely then a trace recal.

5 But tho' our dreams are often wild,
Like clouds before the driving storm;
Yet some important may be still'd,
Sent to admonish or inform.

6 What mighty agents have access,
What friends from heav'n, or foes from hell,
Our minds to comfort or distress,
When we are sleeping, who can tell.

7 One thing, at least, and 'tis enough,
We learn from this surprising fact;
Our dreams afford sufficient proof,
The soul, without the flesh, can act.

8 This life, which mortals so esteem,
That many choose it for their all,
They will confess, was but a dream
When 'waken'd by death's awful call.

XCIX. *The World.*

1 SEE, the world for youth prepares,
Harlot like, her gaudy snares!
Pleasures round her seem to wait,
But 'tis all a painted cheat.

2 Raſh and unſuſpecting youth,
Thinks to find thee always ſmooth,
Always kind, till better taught,
By experience dearly bought.

3 So the calm, but faithleſs ſea,
(Lively emblem, world, of thee)
Tempts the ſhepherd from the ſhore,
Foreign regions to explore.

4 While no wrinkled wave is ſeen,
While the ſky remains ſerene,
Fill'd with hopes, and golden ſchemes,
Of a ſtorm he little dreams.

5 But ere long the tempeſt raves,
Then he trembles at the waves:
Wiſhes then he had been wiſe,
But too late—he ſinks and dies.

6 Hapleſs thus, are they, vain world,
Soon on rocks of ruin hurl'd;
Who admiring thee, untry'd,
Court thy pleaſure, wealth or pride.

7 Such a ſhipwreck had been mine,
Had not Jesus (Name divine)!
Sav'd me with a mighty hand,
And reſtor'd my ſoul to land.

8 Now, with gratitude I raiſe
Ebenezers to his praiſe;
Now my raſh purſuits are o'er,
I can truſt thee, world no more.

C. *The Enchantment diſſolved.*

1 BLINDED in youth by Satan's arts,
The world to our unpractis'd hearts,
A flatt'ring proſpect ſhows;

Our

Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
And undisturb'd repose.

2 So in the desart's dreary waste,
By magic pow'r produc'd in haste,
(As ancient fables say)
Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
The senses of the trav'ller meet,
And stop him in his way.

3 But while he listens with surprise,
The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
'Twas but enchanted ground;
Thus if the LORD our spirit touch,
The world, which promis'd us so much,
A wilderness is found.

4 At first we start and feel distress'd,
Convinc'd we never can have rest,
In such a wretched place;
But he whose mercy breaks the charm,
Reveals his own Almighty arm,
And bids us seek his face.

5 Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed,
By this beloved friend;
We follow him from day to day,
Assur'd of grace thro' all the way,
And glory at the end.

A TABLE

A TABLE TO THE SECOND BOOK,

According to the Order and Subject of the Hymns.

I. SEASONS.

Hymn.

New-Years hymns,
Time how swift! 1
Time how short! 2
Uncertainty of life 3
A new-years thought and prayer 4
Death and war 5
Earthly prospects deceitful 6
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I. SEASONS.

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IV. CREATION.

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(Under the following Heads)

I. Solemn Addresses to Sinners.
II. Seeking, Pleading, Hoping.
III. Conflict.
IV. Comfort.
V. Dedication and surrender.
VI. Cautions.
VII. Praise,
VIII. Short Hymns.
Before Sermon.
After Sermon.
Gloria Patria.

I. Solemn Addresses to Sinners.

HYMN I.

Expostulation.

1 NO words can declare,
No fancy can paint,
What rage and despair,
What hopeless complaint,
Fill Satan's dark dwelling,
The prison beneath;
What weeping and yelling,
And gnashing of teeth!

2 Yet sinners will choose
This dreadful abode,
Each madly pursues
The dangerous road;
Tho' God give them warning,
They onward will go,

They

They answer with scorning,
And rush upon woe.

3 How sad to behold
The rich and the poor,
The young and the old,
All blindly secure!
All posting to ruin,
Refusing to stop;
Ah! think what you're doing,
While yet there is hope!

4 How weak is your hand,
To fight with the LORD!
How can you withstand
The edge of his sword!
What hope of escaping
For those who oppose,
When hell is wide gaping
To swallow his foes!

5 How oft have you dar'd
The LORD to his face!
Yet still you are spar'd
To hear of his grace;
Oh pray for repentance,
And life-giving faith,
Before the just sentence
Consign you to death.

6 It is not too late
To JESUS to flee,
His mercy is great,
His pardon is free!
His blood has such virtue
For all that believe,
That nothing can hurt you,
If him you receive.

II. *Alarm.*

1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and think
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Once again I charge you, stop!
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake!

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply!

4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now despise his grace)
Rocks and mountains on us fall (*i*),
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope
You may his mercy know;

(*i*) *Rev.* vi. 16.

Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He ſtill forbears the blow:
'Twas for ſinners JESUS dy'd,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come ſhall be deny'd,
He ſays, "There ſtill is room (*k*)."

III. *We were once as you are*

1 SHALL men pretend to pleaſure
Who never knew the LORD?
Can all the worldling's treaſure
True peace of mind afford?
They ſhall obtain this jewel
In what their hearts deſire,
When they by adding fuel
Can quench the flame of fire.

2 Till you can bid the ocean,
When furious tempeſts roar (*l*),
Forget its wonted motion,
And rage and ſwell no more:
In vain your expectation
To find content in ſin;
Or freedom from vexation,
While paſſions reign within.

3 Come turn your thoughts to JESUS,
If you would good poſſeſs;
'Tis he alone that frees us
From guilt, and from diſtreſs:
When he by faith is preſent,
The ſinner's troubles ceaſe
His ways are truly pleaſant,
And all his paths are peace.

4 Our time in ſin we waſted,
And fed upon the wind;
Until his love we taſted,
No comfort could we find:

Bu

(*k*) *Luke* xiv. 22. (*l*) *Iſaiah* lvii. 20. 21.

But now we ſtand to witneſs
His pow'r and grace to you;
May you perceive its fitneſs,
And call upon him too!

5 Our pleaſure and our duty,
Tho' oppoſite before,
Since we have ſeen his beauty,
Are join'd to part no more:
It is our higheſt pleaſure,
No leſs than duty's call,
To love him beyond meaſure,
And ſerve him with our all.

IV. *Prepare to meet* God.

1 SINNER, are thou ſtill ſecure?
Wilt thou ſtill refuſe to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the LORD's avenging day?
See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment ſtand prepar'd,
Thou muſt either break or bow.

2 At his preſence nature ſhakes,
Earth affrighted haſtes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your ſhame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Then the rich, the great, the wiſe,
Trembling, guilty, ſelf-condemn'd;
Muſt behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blaſphem'd:
Where are now their haughty looks,
Oh, their horror and deſpair!

When

When they see the open'd books,
And their dreadful sentence hear !

4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath ;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Thro' the iron gate of death :
Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice ;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

5 Oh ! when flesh and heart shall fail,
Let thy love our spirits cheer ;
Strength'ned thus we shall prevail
Over Satan, sin, and fear :
Trusting in thy precious name,
May we thus our journey end ;
Then our foes shall lose their aim,
And the Judge will be our Friend.

V. *Invitation.*

1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry ;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart.
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case ?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face :
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel ?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood ?

3 Think

3 Think, how on the croſs he hung
Pierc'd with a thouſand wounds!
Hark, from each as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon ſounds!
See, from all his burſting veins,
Blood of wond'rous virtue, flow?
Shed to waſh away thy ſtains,
And ranſom thee from woe.

5 Tho' his majeſty be great,
His mercy is no leſs;
Tho' he thy tranſgreſſions hate,
He feels for thy diſtreſs:
By himſelf the Lord has ſworn,
He delights not in thy death (*n*)
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayſt live by faith.

5 Raiſe thy downcaſt eyes and ſee
What throngs his throne ſurround!
Theſe, tho' ſinners once like thee,
Have full ſalvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief!
While he ſays, "There yet is room;"
Tho' of ſinners thou art chief,
Since JESUS calls thee, come.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 75, 91.
Book II. Hymn 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 35, 77, 78, 83.

II. Seeking,

(*n*) *Ezekiel* xxxiii. 11

II. Seeking, Pleading, and Hoping.

VI. *The burdened Sinner.*

1 AH, what can I do,
Or where be ſecure!
If juſtice purſue
What heart can endure!
The heart breaks aſunder,
Tho' hard as a ſtone,
When God ſpeaks in thunder,
And makes himſelf known.

2 With terror I read
My ſins heavy ſcore,
The number exceeds
The ſands on the ſhore;
Guilt makes me unable
To ſtand or to flee,
So Cain murder'd Abel,
And trembled like me.

3 Each ſin, like his blood,
With a terrible cry,
Calls loudly on God
To ſtrike from on high:
Nor can my repentance,
Extorted by fear,
Reverſe the juſt ſentence,
'Tis juſt, tho' ſevere.

4 The caſe is too plain,
I have my own choice;
Again, and again,
I ſlighted his voice,
His warnings neglected,
His patience abus'd,

His

His gospel rejected,
His mercy refus'd.

5 And must I then go,
For ever to dwell
In torments and woe
With devils in hell!
Oh where is the Saviour
I scorn'd in times past?
His word in my favor
Would save me at last.

6 Lord Jesus, on thee
I venture to call,
Oh look upon me
The vilest of all;
For whom didst thou languish,
And bleed on the tree?
Oh pity my anguish,
And say, "'Twas for thee."

7 A case such as mine
Will honor thy pow'r;
All hell will repine,
All heav'n will adore;
If in condemnation
Strict justice takes place,
It shines in salvation
More glorious thro' grace.

VII. *Behold I am vile.*

1 O Lord, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin?

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name;
My thoughts are hurry'd soon away,
I know not where I am.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain;
Without desire, or love, or fear,
I like a stone remain.

6 Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then must it appear
To those pure eyes of thine?

7 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

8 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own;
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.

9 Low at thy feet I bow,
Oh pity and forgive;
Here will I lie and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

VIII. (c). *The shining Light.*

1 MY former hopes are dead,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah

2 Ah whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Fore-runner of the sun (o),
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

IX. *Encouragement.*

1 MY soul is beset
With grief and dismay,
I owe a vast debt
And nothing can pay:
I must go to prison,
Unless that dear LORD,
Who dy'd and is risen,
His pity afford.

2 The death that he dy'd,
The blood that he spilt,
To sinners apply'd,
Discharge from all guilt:
This great Intercessor
Can give, if he please,
The vilest transgressor
Immediate release.

3 When

(o) *Psalm* cxxx. 6.

3 When nail'd to the tree,
He anſwer'd the pray'r
Of one, who like me,
Was nigh to deſpair (*p*);
He did not upbraid him
With all he had done,
But inſtantly made him,
A ſaint and a ſon.

4 The jailor, I read,
A pardon receiv'd (*q*)
And how was he freed?
He only believ'd:
His caſe mine reſembled,
Like me he was foul,
Like me too he trembled,
But faith made him whole.

5 Tho' Saul in his youth,
To madneſs enrag'd,
Againſt the LORD's truth,
And people engag'd;
Yet JESUS, the Saviour,
Whom long he revil'd (*r*),
Receiv'd him to favor
And made him a child.

6 A foe to all good,
In wickedneſs ſkill'd,
Manaſſeh, with blood,
Jeruſalem fill'd (*s*);
In evil long harden'd,
The LORD he defy'd,
Yet he too was pardon'd,
When mercy he cry'd.

7 Of ſinners the chief,
And viler than all,

The

(*p*) *Luke* xxiii. 43. (*q*) *Acts* xvi 31. (*r*) 1 *Tim.* i. 16.
(*s*) *Chron.* xxxiii. 12, 13.

The jailor or thief,
Manaſſeh or Saul:
Since they were forgiv'n
Why ſhould I deſpair,
While CHRIST is in heav'n
And ſtill anſwers pray'r?

X. *The waiting ſoul.*

1 BREATHE from the gentle South, O LORD,
And cheer me from the North;
Blow on the treaſures of thy word,
And call the ſpices forth!

2 I wiſh, thou know'ſt, to be reſign'd,
And wait with patient hope;
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the ſpirits up.

3 Help me to reach the diſtant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee;
Pity the ſickneſs of a ſoul
That faints for love of thee.

4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet ſince I *feel* it ſo;
It yields ſome hope of life divine
Within, however low.

5 I ſeem forſaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And ev'ry door is ſhut but one,
And that is mercy's door.

6 There, till the dear deliv'rer come,
I'll wait with humble pray'r;
And when he calls his exile home,
The LORD ſhall find him there.

XI. *The*

XI. *The Effort.*

1 CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of tears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge, with "Jesus dy'd."

5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
Well hast thou known what fierce temptations mean;
Such was thy love, and now enthron'd on high,
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

6 Lord give me faith--he hears---what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve:
He shews me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

XII. *The Effort—in another Measure.*

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy

2 Thy promiſe is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou calleſt burden'd ſouls to thee,
And ſuch, O LORD, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of ſin,
By Satan ſorely preſt;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for reſt.

4 Be thou my ſhield and hiding-place!
That, ſhelter'd near thy ſide,
I may my fierce accuſer face,
And tell him, "Thou haſt dy'd."

5 Oh wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the croſs and ſhame;
That guilty ſinners, ſuch as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempeſt-toſſed ſoul be ſtill,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis JESUS ſpeaks—I muſt, I will,
I can, I do believe.

XIII. *Seeking the Beloved.*

1 TO thoſe who know the LORD, I ſpeak,
Is my beloved near?
The bridegroom of my ſoul I ſeek,
Oh! when will he appear?

2 Tho' once a man of grief and ſhame,
Yet now he fills a throne;
And bears the greateſt, ſweeteſt name,
That earth or heav'n have known.

3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His ſteps where'er he goes;

Tho' none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.

4 He speaks—obedient to his call
Our warm affections move;
Did he but shine alike on all
Then all alike would love.

5 Then love in ev'ry heart would reign
And war would cease to roar;
And cruel, and blood-thirsty men,
Would thirst for blood no more.

6 Such JESUS is, and such his grace,
Oh may he shine on you *(t)*!
And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

XIV. *Rest for weary Souls.*

1 DOES the gospel-word proclaim,
Rest, for those who weary be *(u)*
Then, my soul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promise speaks to thee;
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
Yet I weary am I know,
And the weary long for rest.

2 Burden'd with a load of sin,
Harrass'd with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without:
All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark, the weary dove *(x)*
Found a welcome resting-place;

Thus

(t) *Cant.* v. 8, *(u)* *Matt.* xi. 28. *(x)* *Gen.* viii. 9.

Thus my ſpirit longs to prove
Reſt in CHRIST, the ark of grace:
Tempeſt-toſs'd I long have been,
And the flood increaſes faſt;
Open, LORD, and take me in,
Till the ſtorm be overpaſt.

4 Safely lodg'd within thy breaſt,
What a wond'rous change I find:
Now I know thy promis'd reſt
Can compoſe a troubled mind:
You that weary are, like me,
Hearken to the goſpel call;
To the ark for refuge flee,
JESUS will receive you all!

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 45, 69, 82, 83, 84, 96.
Book II. Hymn 29.

III. CONFLICT.

XV. (c) *Light ſhining out of Darkneſs.*

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing ſkill;
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread

Are

Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err (y),
And scan his work in vain;
GOD is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XVI. (c) *Welcome Cross.*

1 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss:
Trials must and will befal;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 GOD, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;

Might

(y) *John* xiii. 7.

Might I not, with reaſon, fear,
I ſhould prove a caſt-away:
Baſtards may eſcape the rod *(a)*,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of GOD.
Muſt not, would not, if he might.

XVII. (c) *Afflictions ſanctified by the Word.*

1 O How I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O LORD!
It guides me in the peaceful way,
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of ſhining wealth,
The ſtrength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys compar'd with thoſe
Thine everlaſting word beſtows!

3 Long unafflicted, undiſmay'd,
In pleaſure's path ſecure I ſtray'd;
Thou mad'ſt me feel thy chaſt'ning rod (*b*),
And ſtrait I turn'd unto my GOD.

4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bleſs thine hand that caus'd the ſmart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But ſav'd me from eternal woe.

5 Oh! hadſt thou left me unchaſtis'd,
Thy precept I had ſtill deſpis'd;
And *ſtil* the ſnare in ſecret laid,
Had my unweary feet betray'd.

6 I love thee therefore, O my GOD,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where in thy preſence fully bleſt,
Thy choſen ſaints for ever reſt.

(*a*) *Heb.* xii. 8. (*b*) *Pſam* cxix. 71.

XVIII. (c) *Temptation.*

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O LORD, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Tho' tempest-tost'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek;
Let neither winds, nor stormy rain,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

XIX. (c) *Looking upwards in a Storm.*

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall *(c)*;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?

Does

(c) *Psalm* cxix. 15.

Does not the word ſtill fix'd remain,
That none ſhall ſeek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didſt thou not hear and anſwer pray'r;
But a pray'r-hearing, anſwering GOD,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

5 Fair is the lot that's caſt for me;
I have an advocate with thee;
They whom the world careſſes moſt,
Have no ſuch privilege to boaſt.

6 Poor tho' I am, deſpis'd forgot *(d)*,
Yet GOD, my GOD, forgets me not;
And he is ſafe, and muſt ſucceed,
For whom the LORD vouchſafe's to plead.

XX. (c) *The Valley of the Shadow of Death.*

1 MY ſoul is ſad, and much diſmay'd;
See, LORD, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Appolyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppoſe!

2 See, from the ever-burning lake,
How like a ſmoaky cloud they riſe!
With horrid blaſts my ſoul they ſhake,
With ſtorms of blaſphemies and lies.

3 Their fiery arrows reach the mark *(e)*;
My throbbing heart with anguiſh tear;
Each lights upon a kindred ſpark,
And finds abundant fuel there.

4 I hate the thought that wrongs the LORD;
Oh, I would drive it from my breaſt,
With thy own ſharp two-edged ſword,
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt.

5 Come then, and chaſe the cruel hoſt,
Heal the deep wounds I have receiv'd!

Nor

(*d*) *Pſalm* xl. 17. (*e*) *Eph.* vi. 16.

Nor let the pow'rs of darkneſs boaſt
That I am foil'd, and thou art griev'd!

XXI. *The Storm huſhed.*

1 'TIS paſt—the dreadful ſtormy night,
Is gone, with all its fears!
And now I ſee returning light,
The LORD, my Sun, appears.

2 The tempter who, but lately ſaid,
I ſoon ſhall be his prey;
Has heard my Saviour's voice, and fled
With ſhame and grief away.

3 Ah! LORD, ſince thou didſt hide thy face,
What has my ſoul endur'd?
But now 'tis paſt, I feel thy grace,
And all my wounds are cur'd!

4 Oh wond'rous change, but juſt before
Deſpair beſet me round;
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the ſound.

5 Before corruption, guilt and fear,
My comforts blaſted fell;
And unbelief diſcover'd near,
The dreadful depths of hell.

6 But JESUS pity'd my diſtreſs,
He heard my feeble cry;
Reveal'd his blood and righteouſneſs,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

7 Beneath the banner of his love,
I now ſecure remain;
The tempter frets, but dares not move
To break my peace again.

8 LORD, ſince thou thus haſt broke my bands,
And ſet the captive free;

I would

I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all to thee.

XXII. *Help in the Time of Need.*

1 UNLESS the LORD had been my ſtay,
(With trembling joy my ſoul may ſay)
My cruel foe had gain'd his end:
But he appear'd for my relief,
And Satan ſees, with ſhame and grief,
That I have an almighty Friend.

2 Oh, 'twas a dark and trying hour,
When harraſs'd by the tempter's pow'r,
I felt my ſtrongeſt hopes decline!
You only who have known his arts,
You only who have felt his darts,
Can pity ſuch a caſe as mine.

3 Loud in my ears a charge he read,
(My conſcience witneſs'd all he ſaid)
My long black liſt of outward ſin;
Then bringing forth my heart to view,
Too well what's hidden there he knew,
He ſhew'd me ten times worſe within.

4 'Tis all too true, my ſoul reply'd,
But I remember JESUS dy'd,
And now he fills a throne of grace;
I'll go, as I have done before,
His mercy I may ſtill implore,
I have his promiſe, "Seek my face."

5 But, as when ſudden fogs ariſe,
The trees and hills, the ſun and ſkies,
Are all at once conceal'd from view;
So clouds of horror, black as night,
By Satan rais'd, hid from my ſight,
The throne of grace and promiſe too.

6 Then, while beſet with guilt and fear,
He try'd to urge me to deſpair,
He try'd, and he almoſt prevail'd;
But JESUS, by a heav'nly ray,
Drove clouds, and guilt, and fear, away,
And all the tempter's malice fail'd.

XXIII. (c) *Peace after a Storm.*

1 WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
Thus prone to act ſo baſe a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee!

3 Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn;
That GOD is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat!
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But, O my LORD, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will;
Drives doubt and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praiſe receive;
Be ſhame, and ſelf-abhorrence, mine.

XXIV. (c) *Mourning and Longing.*

1 THE Saviour hides his face!
My ſpirit thirſts to prove

Renew'd

Renew'd ſupplies of pard'ning grace,
And never-fading love.

2 The favor'd ſouls who know
What glories ſhine in him,
Pant for his preſence, as the roe
Pants for the living ſtream!

3 What trifles teaze me now!
They ſwarm like ſummer flies,
They cleave to ev'ry thing I do,
And ſwim before my eyes.

4 How dull the ſabbath-day,
Without the ſabbath's LORD!
How toilſome then to ſing and pray,
And wait upon the word!

5 Of all the truths I hear,
How few delight my taſte!
I glean a berry here and there,
But mourn the vintage paſt.

6 Yet let me, (as I ought)
Still hope to be ſupply'd;
No pleaſure elſe is worth a thought,
Nor ſhall I be deny'd,

7 Tho' I am but a worm,
Unworthy of his care;
The LORD will my deſire perform,
And grant me all my pray'r.

XXV. *Rejoice the ſoul of thy Servant.*

1 WHEN my pray'rs are a burden and taſk,
No wonder I little receive;
O LORD, make me willing to aſk,
Since thou art ſo ready to give:
Altho' I am bought with thy blood,
And all thy ſalvation is mine;

At

At a distance from thee my chief good,
I wander, and languish, and pine.

2 Of thy goodness of old, when I read,
To those who were sinners like me,
Why may I not wrestle and plead,
With them a partaker to be?
Thine arm is not shortened since then,
And those who believe in thy name,
Ever find thou art Yea, and Amen,
Thro' all generations the same.

3 While my spirit within me is prest
With sorrow, temptation, and fear;
Like John I would flee to thy breast (*f*),
And pour my complaints in thine ear:
How happy and favor'd was he,
Who could on thy bosom repose!
Might this favor be granted to me,
I'd smile at the rage of my foes.

4 I have heard of thy wonderful name,
How great and exalted thou art;
But ah! I confess to my shame,
It faintly impresses my heart:
The beams of thy glory display,
As Peter once saw thee appear;
That transported like him I may say,
"It is good for my soul to be here (*g*)."

5 What a sorrow and weight didst thou feel,
When nail'd, for my sake, to the tree!
My heart sure is harder than steel,
To feel no more sorrow for thee:
Oh let me with Thomas descry
The wounds in thy hands and thy side;
And have feelings like his, when I cry,
"My God and my Saviour has dy'd (*h*)."

6 But

(*f*) *John* xiii. 25. (*g*) *Matt.* xvii. 4.
(*h*) *John* xx. 28.

6 But if thou haſt appointed me ſtill
To wreſtle, and ſuffer, and fight;
O make me reſign'd to thy will,
For all thine appointments are right:
This mercy, at leaſt, I intreat,
That knowing how vile I have been,
I with MARY, may wait at thy feet (*i*),
And weap o'er the pardon of ſin.

XXVI. (c) *Self-acquaintance.*

1 DEAR LORD! accept a ſinful heart.
Which of itſelf complains
And mourns, with much and frequent ſmart,
The evil it contains.

2 There fiery ſeeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurt my frame;
And wait but for the tempter's work,
To fan them to a flame.

3 Legality holds out a bribe
To purchaſe life from thee;
And diſcontent would fain preſcribe
How thou ſhalt deal with me.

4 While unbelief withſtands thy grace,
And puts the mercy by;
Preſumption with a brow of braſs,
Says, "Give me, or I die."

5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In queſt of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home
How heavily they move!

6 Oh, cleanſe me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy pow'r,
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

(*i*) *Luke* vii. 38.

XXVII. *Bitter and Sweet.*

1 KINDLE, Saviour, in my heart
A flame of love divine;
Hear, hear, for mine I truſt thou art,
And ſure I would be thine:
If my ſoul has felt thy grace,
If to me thy name is known;
Why ſhould trifles fill the place,
Due to thyſelf alone.

2 'Tis a ſtrange myſterious life
I live from day to day;
Light and darkneſs, peace, and ſtrife,
Bear an alternate ſway:
When I think the battle won,
I have to fight it o'er again;
When I ſay I'm overthrown,
Relief I ſoon obtain.

3 Often at the mercy-ſeat,
While calling on thy name;
Swarms of evil thoughts I meet,
Which fill my ſoul with ſhame:
Agitated in my mind,
Like a feather in the air;
Can I thus a bleſſing find?
My ſoul, can this be pray'r?

4 But when CHRIST, my LORD and Friend,
Is pleas'd to ſhow his pow'r;
All at once my troubles end,
And I've a golden hour:
Then I ſee his ſmiling face,
Feel the pledge of joys to come;
Often, LORD, repeat this grace
Till thou ſhalt call me home.

XXVIII. (c) *Prayer for Patience.*

1 LORD, who haſt ſuffer'd all for me,
My peace and pardon to procure;
The lighter croſs I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.

2 The ſtorm of loud repining, huſh,
I would in humble ſilence mourn;
Why ſhould th' unburnt, tho' burning buſh,
Be angry as the crackling thorn?

3 Man ſhould not faint at thy rebuke,
Like Joſhua falling on his face *(k)*,
When the curs'd thing that Achan took,
Brought Iſrael into juſt diſgrace.

4 Perhaps ſome golden wedge ſuppreſs'd,
Some ſecret ſin offends my GOD;
Perhaps that Babyloniſh veſt,
Self-righteouſneſs, provokes the rod.

5 Ah! were I buffeted all day,
Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and ſpit upon;
I yet ſhould have no right to ſay,
My great diſtreſs is mine alone.

6 Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever ſharp like mine;
Nor murmur at the croſs I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine.

XXIX. (c) *Submiſſion.*

1 O LORD, my beſt deſire fulfil,
And help me to reſign,
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleaſure mine.

2 Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy command,
Whoſe love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears? 3 No,

(*k*) *Joſhua* vii. 10, 11.

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee?
Who never haſt a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What elſe I want, or think I do,
'Tis better ſtill to want.

5 Wiſdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I reſiſt them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And cruſh'd before the moth!

6 But ah! my inward ſpirit cries,
Still bind me to thy ſway;
Elſe the next cloud that veils my ſkies,
Drives all theſe thoughts away.

XXX. *Why ſhould I complain.*

1 WHEN my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,
How quickly my ſorrows depart!
New beauties around me appear,
New ſpirits enliven my heart:
His preſence gives peace to my ſoul,
And Satan aſſaults me in vain;
While my Shepherd his pow'r controuls
I think I no more ſhall complain.

2 But alas! what a change do I find,
When my Shepherd withdraws from my ſight?
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is ſoon chang'd into night:
Then Satan his efforts renews,
To vex and enſnare me again;
All my pleaſing enjoyments I loſe,
And can only lament and complain.

3 By theſe changes I often paſs thro',
I am taught my own weakneſs to know;

I am

I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe :
It is he that ſupports me thro' all,
When I faint, he revives me again ;
He attends to my pray'r whan I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4 Wherefore then ſhould I murmur and grieve?
Since my Shepherd is always the ſame,
And has promis'd he never will leave (*l*)
The ſoul that confides in his name :
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffetted, tempted, and ſlain ;
And at length he will ſurely appear,
Tho' he leaves me awhile to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And that ſhortly this warfare will ceaſe ;
For ere long he will bid me remove (*m*)
From this region of ſorrow and pain,
To abide in his preſence above,
And then I no more ſhall complain.

XXXI. *Return, O* LORD, *how long.*

1 RETURN to bleſs my waiting eyes,
And cheer my mourning heart, O LORD!
Without thee, all beneath the ſkies
No real pleaſure can afford.

2 When thy lov'd preſence meets my ſight,
It ſoftens care, and ſweetens toil ;
The ſun ſhines forth with double light,
The whole creation wears a ſmile.

3 Upon thine arm of love I reſt,
Thy gracious voice forbids my fear ;

(*l*) *Jer.* i. 19. (*m*) *Rev.* ii. 10.

No ſtorms diſturb my peaceful breaſt,
No foes aſſault when thou art near.

4 But ah! ſince thou haſt been away,
Nothing but trouble have I known;
And Satan marks me for his prey,
Becauſe he ſees me left alone.

5 My ſun is hid, my comforts loſt,
My graces droop, my ſins revive;
Diſtreſs'd, diſmay'd, and tempeſt-toſs'd,
My ſoul is only juſt alive!

6 LORD, hear my cry, and come again!
Put all mine enemies to ſhame,
And let them ſee 'tis not in vain
That I have truſted in thy name.

XXXII. *Caſt down, but not deſtroyed.*

1 THO' ſore beſet with guilt and fear,
I cannot, dare not quite deſpair;
If I muſt periſh would the LORD
Have taught my heart to love his word?
Would he have giv'n me eyes to ſee (n)
My danger, and my remedy;
Reveal'd his name, and bid me pray,
Had he reſolv'd to ſay me nay?

2 No—tho' caſt down, I am not ſlain;
I fall, but I ſhall riſe again (o);
The preſent, Satan, is thy hour,
But JESUS ſhall control thy pow'r:
His love will plead for my relief,
He hears my groans, he ſees my grief;
Nor will he ſuffer thee to boaſt,
A ſoul, that ſought his help, was loſt.

3 'Tis true, I have unfaithful been,
And griev'd his Spirit by my ſin;

Yet

(n) *Judges* xiii. 23. (o) *Micah* vii. 8.

Yet ſtill his mercy he'll reveal,
And all my wounds and follies heal:
Abounding ſin, I muſt confeſs (*p*),
But more abounding is his grace;
He once vouchſaf'd for me to bleed,
And now he lives, my cauſe to plead.

4 I'll caſt myſelf before his feet,
I ſee him on his mercy-ſeat;
('Tis ſprinkled with atoning blood)
There ſinners find acceſs to GOD:
Ye burden'd ſouls approach with me,
And make the Saviour's name your plea;
JESUS will pardon all who come,
And ſtrike our fierce accuſer dumb.

XXXIII. *The benighted Traveller.*

1 FOREST beaſts, that live by prey,
Seldom ſhew themſelves by day;
But when day-light is withdrawn (*q*),
Then they rove and roar till dawn.

2 Who can tell the traveller's fears,
When their horrid yells he hears?
Terror almoſt ſtops his breath,
While each ſtep he looks for death.

3 Thus when JESUS is in view,
Cheerful I my way purſue;
Walking by my Saviour's light,
Nothing can my ſoul affright.

4 But when he forbears to ſhine,
Soon the trav'ller's caſe is mine;
Loſt, benighted, ſtruck with dread,
What a painful path I tread.

5 Then my ſoul with terror hears
Worſe than lions, wolves, or bears,

Roaring

(*p*) *Rom.* v. 20. (*q*) *Pſalm* civ. 20.

Roaring loud in ev'ry part,
Thro' the foreſt of my heart.

6 Wrath, impatience, envy, pride,
Satan and his hoſt beſide,
Preſs around me to devour;
How can I eſcape their pow'r?

7 Gracious LORD afford me light,
Put theſe beaſts of prey to flight;
Let thy pow'r and love be ſhewn (*r*)
Save me, for I am *thine* own.

XXXIV. *The Priſoner.*

1 WHEN the poor pris'ner thro' a grate
Sees others walk at large;
How does he mourn his lonely ſtate,
And long for a diſcharge?

2 Thus I, confin'd in unbelief,
My loſs of freedom mourn;
And ſpend my hours in fruitleſs grief,
Until my LORD return.

3 The beam of day which pierces thro'
The gloom in which I dwell,
Only diſcloſes to my view,
The horrors of my cell.

4 Ah! how my penſive ſpirit faints,
To think of former days!
When I could triumph with the ſaints,
And join their ſongs of praiſe!

5 But now my joys are all cut off,
In priſon I am caſt;
And Satan, with a cruel ſcoff (*s*)
Says, "Where's your GOD at laſt?"

6 Dear Saviour for thy mercy's ſake,
(My ſtrong my only plea)

Theſe

(*r*) *Pſalm* cxix. 94. (*s*) *Pſalm* cxv. 2.

These gates and bars in pieces break *(t)*,
And set the pris'ner free!

7 Surely my soul shall sing to thee,
For liberty restor'd;
And all thy saints admire to see
The mercies of the LORD.

XXXV. *Perplexity relieved.*

1 UNCERTAIN how the way to find
Which to salvation led;
I list'ned long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said,

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.

3 The LORD my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay;
Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish, the LORD disclos'd,
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked soul, expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.

7 Alas! "I now must give it up,"
I cry'd in deep despair;

How

(t) Psalm xlii. 7.

How could I dream of drawing hope,
From what I cannot bear!

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word, he said,
And leave the rest to me.

XXXVI. *Prayer answered by Crosses,*

1 I Ask'd the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this he made me feel,
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
"'Tis in this way (the Lord reply'd),
I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
From self, and pride, to set thee free:

And

And break thy ſchemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy all in me."

30

XXXVII. *I will truſt and not be afraid.*

1 BEGONE unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will ſurely appear:
By pray'r let me wreſtle,
And he will perform,
With CHRIST in the veſſel,
I ſmile at the ſtorm.

2 Tho' dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Tho' ciſterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has ſpoken
Shall ſurely prevail.

3 His love in time paſt
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at laſt
In trouble to ſink;
Each ſweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleaſure
To help me quite thro'.

4 Determin'd to ſave,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind ſlave,
I ſported with death;
And can he have taught me
To truſt in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to ſhame?

5 Why

5 Why ſhould I complain
Of want or diſtreſs,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no leſs:
The heirs of ſalvation,
I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation,
Muſt follow their LORD. (*u*)

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That ſinners might live!
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did JESUS thus ſuffer,
And ſhall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is ſweet,
The med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at preſent,
'Twill ceaſe before long,
And then oh! how pleaſant
The conqueror's ſong (*x*)!

XXXVIII. *Queſtions to Unbelief.*

2 IF to JESUS for relief,
My ſoul had fled by pray'r;
Why ſhould I give way to grief,
Or heart-conſuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promiſe paſt?
Will he then regardleſs ſtand,
And let me ſink at laſt?

2 While I know his providence
Diſpoſes each event;

Shall

(*u*) *Acts* xiv. 22. (*x*) *Rom.* viii. 37.

Shall I judge by feeble ſenſe,
And yield to diſcontent ?
If he worms and ſparrows feed,
Clothe the graſs in rich array (*y*) ;
Can he ſee a child in need,
And turn his eye away ?

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And ſin my life employ'd ;
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been deſtroy'd :
Now his mercy-ſeat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd ;
Would he ſpare me while a foe (*z*).
To leave me when a child ?

4 If he all my wants ſupply'd
When I diſdain'd to pray ;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he ſay me nay ?
If he would not give me up,
When my ſoul againſt him fought ;
Will he diſappoint the hope,
Which he himſelf has wrought ?

5 If he ſhed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold ;
Can I think that meaner good (*a*)
He ever will withhold ?
Satan, vain is thy device !
Here my hope reſts well aſſur'd,
In that great redemption-price,
I ſee the whole ſecur'd.

XXXIX. *Great Effects by weak Means.*

1 UNBELIEF the ſoul diſmays ;
What objections will it raiſe !
But true faith ſecurely leans
On the promiſe, in the means.

(*y*) *Matt.* vi. 26. (*z*) *Rom.* v. 10. (*a*) *Rom.* viii. 32

2 If to faith it once be known,
GOD has said, "it shall be done,
And in this appointed way;"
Faith has then no more to say.

3 Moses' rod, by faith appear'd (*b*),
Thro' the sea a path prepar'd;
Jericho's devoted wall (*c*),
At the trumpet's sound must fall.

4 With a pitcher and a lamp (*d*),
Gideon overthrew a camp;
And a stone, well aim'd by faith (*e*),
Prov'd the arm'd Philistine's death.

5 Thus the LORD is pleas'd to try
Those who on his help rely;
By the means he makes it known,
That the pow'r is all his own.

6 Yet the means are not in vain,
If the end we would obtain;
Tho' the breath of pray'r be weak,
None shall find but they who seek.

7 GOD alone the heart can reach,
Yet the ministers must preach;
'Tis their part the seed to sow,
And 'tis his to make it grow.

XL. *Why art thou cast down.*

1 BE still my heart! these anxious cares,
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy LORD,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When

(*b*) *Exodus* xiv, 21. (*c*) *Joshua* vi. 22.
(*d*) *Judges* vii. 22. (*e*) 1 *Sam.* xvii. 52.

3 When first before his mercy seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

4 Did ever trouble yet befal,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Like David, thou may'st comfort draw,
Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw,
Goliath's rage I may defy,
For GOD, my Saviour, still is nigh.

6 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro';
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

7 Tho' rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to GOD;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

XLI. *The way of Access.*

1 ONE glance of thine, eternal LORD,
Pierces all nature thro';
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And ev'ry thought, of ev'ry heart,
Is open to thine eyes.

3 Tho' greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou see'st my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.

4 Since

4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee.

5 But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dy'd in blood;
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
When I approach to God.

6 Thus, tho' a sinner, I am safe;
He pleads before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.

7 What wond'rous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his (*f*),
And his obedience mine.

XLII. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

1 FROM Egypt lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace;
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.

2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day,
All others lead to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace
Faith keeps in constant view;
How diff'rent from the wilderness
We now are passing thro'!

4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our Sun will always shine.

5 Here

(*f*) 2 *Cor.* v. 21.

5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears, diſtreſs us ſore:
But there eternal pleaſure reigns,
And we ſhall weep no more.

6 LORD, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy, prepar'd for ſuff'ring ſaints,
Will make amends for all.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 10, 13, 21, 22, 24, 27 40, 43, 44, 51, 56, 63, 76, 88, 107, 115, 120, 130, 131, 136, 142.
Book II. Hymn 30, 31, 84, 87, 92.

IV. COMFORT.

XLIII. *Faith a new and comprehenſive Senſe.*

1 SIGHT, hearing, feeling, taſte and ſmell,
Are gifts we highly prize;
But faith does ſingly each excel,
And all the five compriſe.

2 More piercing than the eagle's ſight,
It views the world unknown:
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And JESUS on the throne.

3 It hears the mighty voice of GOD,
And ponders what he ſaith;
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
Have each a voice to faith.

4 It feels the touch of heav'nly pow'r (g)
And from that boundleſs ſource.

(g) *Luke* viii. 46.

Derives fresh vigour ev'ry hour
To run its daily course.

5 The truth and goodness of the LORD
Are suited to its taste (*h*);
Mean is the worldling's pamper'd board,
To faith's perpetual feast.

6 It smells the dear Redeemer's name
Like ointment pour'd forth (*i*);
Faith only knows, or can proclaim,
Its favor or its worth.

7 Till saving faith possess the mind,
In vain of sense we boast;
We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

XLIV. (c) *The happy Change.*

1 HOW blest thy creature is, O GOD,
When with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high?

2 Thro' all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things;
The sun of righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

3 Struck by that light, the human heart (*k*),
A barren soil no more;
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurk'd before.

4 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heav'nly reign.

5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control;

Since

(*h*) *Psalm* cxix. (*i*) *Sol. Song* 1. 3. (*k*) *Isaiah* xxxv. 7.

Since firſt, obedient to thy word,
He ſtarted from the goal :

6 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart ;
But, JESUS, 'tis thy light alone,
Can ſhine upon the heart.

XLV. (c) *Retirement.*

1 FAR from the world, O LORD, I flee,
From ſtrife and tumult far ;
From ſcenes where Satan wages ſtill
His moſt ſucceſsful war.

2 The calm retreat, the ſilent ſhade,
With pray'r and praiſe agree ;
And ſeem, by thy ſweet bounty made,
For thoſe who follow thee.

3 There if thy Spirit touch the ſoul,
And grace her mean abode ;
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her GOD !

4 There like the nightingale ſhe pours
Her ſolitary lays ;
Nor aſks a witneſs of her ſong,
Nor thirſts for human praiſe.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet ſource of light divine ;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour thou art mine !

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundleſs, endleſs ſtore ;
Shall echo thro' the realms above
When time ſhall be no more.

XLVI.

XLVI. Jesus *my All.*

1 WHY ſhould I fear the darkeſt hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's pow'r?
Jesus vouchſafes to be my tow'r.

2 Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why muſt I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty ſhield?

3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep; but why ſhould I?
Jesus ſtill lives, and ſtill is nigh.

4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My ſoul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

5 I know not what may ſoon betide,
Or how my wants ſhall be ſupply'd;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

6 Tho' ſin would fill me with diſtreſs,
The throne of grace I dare addreſs,
For Jesus is my righteouſneſs.

7 Tho faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
My ſtedfaſt hope ſhall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

8 Againſt me earth and hell combine;
But on my ſide is pow'r divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

XLVII. (c) *The hidden Life.*

1 TO tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleaſing is the taſk?
Nor leſs to praiſe him when he grants
Beyond what I can aſk.

2 My lab'ring ſpirit vainly ſeeks
To tell but half the joy;

With

With how much tenderneſs he ſpeaks,
And helps me to reply.

3 Nor were it wiſe, nor ſhould I chooſe
Such ſecrets to declare;
Like precious wines their taſte they loſe,
Expos'd to open air.

4 But this with boldneſs I proclaim,
Nor care if thouſands hear;
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half ſo dear.

5 And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was;
And blame the ſong that thus commends
The man who bore the croſs.

6 Truſt me I draw the likeneſs true,
And not as fancy paints;
Such honour may he give to you,
For ſuch have all his ſaints.

XLVIII. *Joy and Peace in believing.*

1 SOMETIMES a light ſurprizes
The Chriſtian while he ſings;
It is the LORD who riſes
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the ſoul again
A ſeaſon of clear ſhining
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We ſweetly then purſue
The theme of GOD's ſalvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from preſent ſorrow,
We cheerfully can ſay,

E'en let th' unknown to-morrow (*k*)
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will hear us thro',
Who gives the lillies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 The vine nor fig-tree neither (*l*)
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Tho' all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

XLIX. (c) *True Pleasures.*

1 LORD, my soul with pleasure springs,
When Jesus' name I hear;
And when God the spirit brings
The word of promise near:
Beauties too, in holiness,
Still delighted I perceive;
Nor have words that can express
The joys thy precepts give.

2 Cloth'd in sanctity and grace,
How sweet it is to see,
Those who love thee as they pass,
Or when they wait on thee:
Pleasant too, to sit and tell
What we owe to love divine;

Till

(*k*) *Matt.* vi. 34. (*l*) *Habbakkuk* iii. 17, 18.

Till our bosoms grateful swell,
And eyes begin to shine.

3 Those the comforts I possess,
Which God shall still increase:
All his ways are pleasantness *(m)*,
And all his paths are peace:
Nothing Jesus did or spoke,
Henceforth let me ever slight;
For I love his easy yoke *(n)*,
And find his burden light.

L. (c) *The Christian.*

1 HONOR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise:
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of th' etherial dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expences of his heav'nly birth.

5 The noblest creatures seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise;

Angels

(m) *Prov.* iii. 17. (n) *Matt.* xi. 30.

Angels congratulate his lot,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

LI. (c) *Lively Hope and gracious Fear.*

1 I Was a grov'ling creature once,
And baſely cleav'd to earth;
I wanted ſpirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And ſent me, from above,
Wings, ſuch as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

3 With theſe to Piſgah's top I fly,
And there delighted ſtand:
To view beneath a ſhining ſky,
The ſpacious promis'd land.

4 The Lord of all the vaſt domain
Has promis'd it to me:
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can ſee.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I ſtand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh ſave me, leſt I fall!

6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
My ſtrength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none ſhall caſt me down.

LII. *Confidence.*

1 YES! ſince God himſelf has ſaid it,
On the promiſe I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is ſtrong, and *can* fulfil,
He is truth, and therefore *will*.

2 As to all the doubts and queſtions,
Which my ſpirit often grieve,
Theſe are Satan's fly ſuggeſtions,
And I need no anſwer give:
He would fain deſtroy my hope,
But the promiſe bears it up.

3 Sure the LORD thus far has brought me
By his watchful tender care;
Sure 'tis he himſelf has taught me
How to ſeek his face by pray'r:
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Will he give me up at laſt?

4 True I've been a fooliſh creature,
And have ſinn'd againſt his grace;
But forgiveneſs is his nature,
Tho' he juſtly hides his face:
Ere he call'd me, well he knew *(o)*,
What a heart like mine would do.

5 In my Saviour's interceſſion
Therefore I will ſtill confide;
LORD, accept my free confeſſion,
I have ſinn'd, but thou haſt dy'd *(p)*:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

LIII. *Peace reſtored.*

1 OH, ſpeak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart,
No voice but thine can ſooth my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

2 And canſt thou ſtill vouchſafe to own
A wretch ſo vile as I?
And may I ſtill approach thy throne,
And Abba Father, cry?

(o) *Iſaiah* xlviii. 8. (p) *Rom.* viii. 34.

3 Oh then let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim,
The grace that heal'd a breach like mine,
And put my foes to shame!

4 How oft did Satan's cruel boast
My troubled soul affright!
He told me I was surely lost,
And GOD had left me quite *(q)*.

5 Guilt made me fear, lest all were true
The lying tempter said!
But now the LORD appears in view,
My enemy is fled.

6 My Saviour, by his pow'rful word,
Has turn'd my night to day,
And his salvation's joys restor'd,
Which I had sinn'd away.

7 Dear LORD, I wonder and adore;
Thy grace is all divine;
Oh keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine!

LIV. *Hear what he has done for my Soul!*

1 SAV'D by blood I live to tell,
What the love of CHRIST hath done;
He redeem'd my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son:
Oh! I tremble still, to think
How secure I liv'd in sin;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

2 In his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke;
Touch'd me by his Spirit's pow'r,
And my dang'rous slumber broke.

Then

(q) *Psalm* lxxi. 11.

Then I saw, and own'd my guilt,
Soon my gracious LORD reply'd:
"Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I dy'd."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part?
"Thou hast greatly sinn'd, he said,
But I freely all forgive;
I myself thy debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow sinners, try,
JESUS' heart is full of love;
Oh that you, as well I,
May his wond'rous mercy prove!
He has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free:
Why should any soul despair,
When he sav'd a wretch like me?

LV. *Freedom from Care.*

1 WHILE I liv'd without the LORD,
(If I might be said to live)
Nothing could relief afford;
Nothing satisfaction give.

2 Empty hopes and groundless fear,
Mov'd by turns my anxious mind;
Like a feather in the air,
Made the sport of ev'ry wind.

3 Now, I see, whate'er betide,
All is well if CHRIST be mine;
He has promis'd to provide,
I have only to resign.

4 When

4 When a ſenſe of ſin and thrall,
Forc'd me to the ſinner's Friend;
He engag'd to manage all,
By the way and to the end.

5 "Caſt, he ſaid, on me thy care (r):
'Tis enough that I am nigh;
I will all thy burdens bear,
I will all thy wants ſupply.

6 "Simply follow as I lead
Do not reaſon but believe;
Call on me in time of need,
Thou ſhalt ſurely help receive."

7 LORD, I would, I do ſubmit,
Gladly yield my all to thee;
What thy wiſdom ſees moſt fit,
Muſt be, ſurely, beſt for me.

8 Only when the way is rough,
And the coward fleſh would ſtart,
Let thy promiſe and thy love,
Cheer and animate my heart.

LVI. *Humiliation and Praiſe.*

(Imitated from the German.)

1 WHEN the wounded ſpirit hears
The voice of JESUS' blood;
How the meſſage ſtops the tears
Which elſe in vain had flow'd:
Pardon, grace, and peace proclaim'd,
And the ſinner call'd a child;
Then the ſtubborn heart is tam'd,
Renew'd, and reconcil'd.

2 Oh! 'twas grace indeed, to ſpare
And ſave a wretch like me!

Men

(r) *Pſalm* iv. 22. 1 *Peter* v. 7.

Men or angels could not bear
What I have offer'd thee:
Were thy bolts at their command,
Hell, ere now, had been my place;
Thou alone should silent stand,
And wait to shew thy grace.

3 If in one created mind
The tenderness and love
Of thy saints on earth were join'd,
With all the hosts above;
Still that love were weak and poor,
If compar'd, my LORD, with thine;
Far too scanty to endure
A heart so vile as mine.

4 Wond'rous mercy I have found,
But ah! how faint my praise!
Must I be a cumber-ground,
Unfruitful all my days?
Do I in thy garden grow,
Yet produce thee only leaves?
LORD, forbid it should be so!
The thought my spirit grieves.

5 Heavy charges Satan brings
To fill me with distress;
Let me hide beneath thy wings,
And plead thy righteousness:
LORD, to thee for help I call,
'Tis thy promise bids me come;
Tell him thou hast paid for all,
And that shall strike him dumb.

LVII. (c) *For the Poor.*

1 WHEN Hagar found the bottle spent (s)
And wept o'er Ishmael;

(s) *Gen.* xxi. 19.

A meſſage from the LORD was ſent
To guide her to a well.

2 Should not Elijah's cake and cruiſe (*t*)
Convince us at this day;
A gracious GOD will not refuſe
Proviſions by the way?

3 His ſaints and ſervants ſhall be fed,
The promiſe is ſecure;
"Bread ſhall be giv'n them, as he ſaid,
Their water ſhall be ſure (*u*)."

4 Repaſts far richer they ſhall prove,
Than all earth's dainties are;
'Tis ſweet to taſte a Saviour's love,
Tho' in the meaneſt fare.

5 To JESUS then your trouble bring,
Nor murmur at your lot;
While you are poor, and he is King,
You ſhall not be forgot.

LVIII. *Home in view.*

1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of ſome o'er-looking hill,
His heart revives, if croſs the plains
He eyes his home, tho' diſtant ſtill.

2 While he ſurveys the much lov'd ſpot,
He ſlights the ſpace that lies between;
His paſt fatigues are now forgot,
Becauſe his journey's end is ſeen.

3 Thus, when the chriſtian pilgrim views
By faith, his manſion in the ſkies,
The ſight his fainting ſtrength renews,
And wings his ſpeed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his ſpirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles paſt;

Nor

(*t*) *Kings* xvii. 14. (*u*) *Iſa.* xxxiii. 16.

Nor any future trial fears (x),
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With JESUS, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewel,
And he will wipe my tears away.

6 JESUS, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 4, 7, 9, 11, 25, 35, 36, 39. 41, 46, 47, 48, 70, 95, 128, 132.
Book II. Hymn 45, 46, 47.

V. DEDICATION and SURRENDER.

LIX. *Old things are passed away.*

1 LET wordly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the LORD.

3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When JESUS is reveal'd.

4 Creatures

(x) *Acts* xx. 24.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm, like me?

6 Yes! tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first
I had refus'd thee still (y)

LX. *The power of Grace.*

1 HAPPY the birth where grace presides
To form the future life!
In wisdom's paths the soul she guides,
Remote from noise and strife.

2 Since I have known the Saviour's name,
And what for me he bore;
No more I toil for empty fame,
I thirst for gold no more.

3 Plac'd by his hand in this retreat,
I make his love my theme;
And see that all the world calls great,
Is but a waking dream.

4 Since he has rank'd my worthless name
Amongst his favor'd few;
Let the mad world who scoff at *them*
Revile and hate *me* too.

5 O thou whose voice the dead can raise,
And soften hearts of stone,
And teach the dumb to sing thy praise,
This work is all thine own!

6 Thy

(y) *Jeremiah* xxx. 3.

6 Thy wond'ring saints rejoice to see
A wretch, like me, restor'd;
And point, and say, "How chang'd is he,
Who once defy'd the LORD!"

7 Grace bid me live, and taught my tongue
To aim at notes divine;
And grace accepts my feeble song,
The glory, LORD, be thine!

LXI. (c) *My soul thirsteth for* GOD.

1 I Thirst, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, EMMANUEL, all forbid,
That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross,
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows;
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream!

5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye;
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

LXII. (c) *Love constraining to Obedience.*

1 NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the LORD aright;

And

And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

3 Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

5 What should I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
What shall I render to the LORD?
Is my enquiry now.

6 To see the law by CHRIST fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice;
Changes a slave into a child (z),
And duty into choice.

LXIII. (c) *The heart healed and changed by Mercy.*

1 SIN enslav'd me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind,
Where, I said in deep distress,
Will these sinful pleasures end?
How shall I secure my peace,
And make the LORD my friend?

2 Friends

(z) *Romans* iii. 31.

2 Friends and miniſters ſaid much
The goſpel to enforce;
But my blindneſs ſtill was ſuch,
I choſe a legal courſe:
Much I faſted, watch'd and ſtrove,
Scarce would ſhew my face abroad,
Fear'd, almoſt, to ſpeak or move,
A ſtranger ſtill to GOD.

3 Thus afraid to truſt his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
Till deſpairing of my caſe,
Down at his feet I fell:
Then my ſtubborn heart he broke,
And ſubdu'd me to his ſway;
By a ſimple word he ſpoke,
"Thy ſins are done away."

LXIV. (c) *Hatred of Sin.*

1 HOLY LORD GOD! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy leaſt commandment ſlight;
Yet pierc'd by ſin, the ſerpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguiſh of the bite.

2 But tho' the poiſon lurks within,
Hope bids me ſtill with patience wait;
Till death ſhall ſet me free from ſin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the reſt,
Where angels and archangels dwells;
One ſin, unſlain, within my breaſt,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4 The pris'ner, ſent to breathe freſh air,
And bleſs'd with liberty again,
Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

5 But oh! no foe invades the bliſs,
When glory crowns the chriſtian's head;

One

One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

LXV. *The Child (e).*

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide,

4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears;
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears;
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

LXVI. *True Happiness.*

1 FIX my heart and eyes on thine!
What are other objects worth?
But to see thy glory shine,
Is a heav'n begun on earth:

Trifles

(e) *Psalm* cxxxi. 2. *Matt.* xviii. 3. 4.

Trifles can no longer move,
Oh, I tread on all beſide,
When I feel my Saviour's love,
And remember how he dy'd.

2 Now my ſearch is at an end,
Now my wiſhes rove no more!
Thus my moments I would ſpend,
Love and wonder, and adore:
JESUS, ſource of excellence!
All thy glorious love reveal!
Kingdoms ſhall not bribe me hence,
While this happineſs I feel.

3 Take my heart, 'tis all thine own,
To thy will my ſpirit frame;
Thou ſhalt reign, and thou alone,
Over all I have, or am:
If a fooliſh thought ſhall dare
To rebel againſt thy word,
Slay it, LORD, and do not ſpare,
Let it feel thy Spirit's ſword.

4 Making thus the LORD my choice,
I have nothing more to chooſe,
But to liſten to thy voice,
And my will in thine to loſe:
Thus, whatever may betide,
I ſhall ſafe and happy be;
Still content and ſatisfy'd,
Having all, in having thee.

LXVII. *The happy Debtor.*

1 TEN thouſand talents once I ow'd,
And nothing had to pay;
But JESUS free'd me from the load,
And waſh'd my debt away.

2 Yet ſince the LORD forgave my ſin,
And blotted out my ſcore;

Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
And satisfaction made;
But the vast debt of love I owe,
Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promis'd heav'n,
No angel can conceive.

5 That love of thine! thou sinner's Friend!
Witness thy bleeding heart!
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I make,
I first from thee obtain (*f*);
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be
(Let who will boast their store)
In time, and to eternity,
To owe thee more and more.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 27, 50, 70, 93, 122.
Book II. Hymn 23, 90.

VI. CAUTIONS.

LXVIII. (c) *The new Convert.*

1 THE new-born child of gospel-grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath

(*f*) *Luke* xvi. 14.

Beneath EMMANUEL's ſhining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 No fears he feels, he ſees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes,
The ſtrength and peace his ſoul enjoys.

3 But ſin ſoon darts its cruel ſting,
And comforts ſinking day by day;
What ſeem'd his own, a ſelf-fed ſpring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon arm'd his numerous hoſt,
The LORD ſoon made his numbers leſs;
And ſaid, leſt Iſrael vainly boaſt (g),
"My arm procur'd me this ſucceſs."

5 Thus will he bring our ſpirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That ſav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praiſe we owe.

LXIX. (c) *True and falſe Comforts.*

1 O GOD, whoſe favorable eye
The ſin-ſick ſoul revives;
Holy and heav'nly is the joy,
Thy ſhining preſence gives.

2 Not ſuch as hypocrites ſuppoſe,
Who with a graceleſs heart,
Taſte not of thee, but drink a doſe
Prepar'd by Satan's art.

3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who while they boaſt their light,
And ſeem'd to ſoar above the ſtars,
Are plunging into light.

4 Lull'd in a ſoft and fatal ſleep,
They ſin, and yet rejoice;

W

(g) *Judges* vii. 2.

Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
Would they not hear his voice?

5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's pow'r;
That makes me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

LXX. *True and false Zeal.*

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to encrease.

4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd:
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it ought beside.

5 But self however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd (*b*),
"Come see what I can do."

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;

But

(*b*) 2 *Kings* x. 16.

But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain,
When JESUS ſhall appear.

7 Dear LORD, the idol ſelf dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be ſhewn,
But that which ſprings from love.

LXXI. (c) *A living and a dead Faith.*

1 THE LORD receives his higheſt praiſe,
From humble minds and hearts ſincere;
While all the loud profeſſor ſays,
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precepts holy light
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Shew who are pleaſing in his ſight.

3 Not words alone it coſt the LORD,
To purchaſe pardon for his own;
Nor with a ſoul, by grace reſtor'd,
Return the Saviour words alone.

4 With golden bells, the prieſtly veſt (*i*)
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holineſs expreſs'd,
And call for fruit as well as ſound.

5 Eaſy, indeed it were to reach
A manſion in the courts above,
If ſwelling words and fluent ſpeech
Might ſerve, inſtead of faith and love.

6 But none ſhall gain the bliſsful place,
Or GOD's unclouded glory ſee;
Who talks of free and ſov'reign grace,
Unleſs that grace has made *him* free.

(*i*) *Exod.* xxviii. 33.

LXXII. (c) *Abuse of the Gospel.*

1 TOO many, LORD, abuse thy grace,
In this licentious day;
And while they boast they see thy face,
They turn their own away.

2 Thy Book displays a gracious light
That can the blind restore;
But these are dazzled by the sight,
And blinded still the more.

3 The pardon such presume upon,
They do not beg, but steal;
And when they plead it at thy throne,
Oh, where's the Spirit's seal?

4 Was it for this, ye lawless tribe,
The dear Redeemer bled?
Is this the grace the saints imbibe
From CHRIST the living head?

5 Ah LORD, we know thy chosen few
Are fed with heav'nly fare;
But these the wretched husks they chew
Proclaim them what they are.

6 The liberty our hearts implore
Is not to live in sin;
But still to wait at wisdom's door,
Till mercy calls us in.

LXXIII. (c) *The narrow Way.*

1 WHAT thousands never knew the road!
What thousands hate it when 'tis know!
None but the chosen tribes of GOD,
Will seek or choose it for their own.

2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

3 No

3 No more I ask or hope to find,
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds were thorns and thistles grow.

4 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above;
There, glory without end, shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

5 Cleave to the world ye sordid worms,
Contented lick your native dust;
But GOD shall fight, with all his storms,
Against the idol of your trust.

LXXIV. (c) *Dependance.*

1 TO keep the lamp alive
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The LORD's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word (*k*),
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny thee, LORD,"
But grant I never *may*.

4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in GOD alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings (*l*)
Than all your works beside.

6 In

(*k*) *Matt.* xvi. 33. (*l*) *John* vi. 29.

6 In JESUS is our ſtore,
Grace iſſues from his throne;
Whoever ſays, "I want no more,"
Confeſſes he has none.

LXXV. (c) *Not of Works.*

1 GRACE, triumphant in the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone!
Come and bow beneath her ſway,
Caſt your idol works away:
Works of man, when made his plea,
Never ſhall accepted be;
Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm)
Are the beſt he can perform.

2 Self, the god his ſoul adores,
Influences all his pow'rs;
JESUS is a ſlighted name,
Self-advancement all his aim:
But when GOD the judge ſhall come,
To pronounce the final doom;
When for rocks and hills to hide,
All his works and all his pride.

3 Still the boaſting heart replies,
What the worthy and the wiſe,
Friends to temperance and peace,
Have not theſe a righteouſneſs?
Baniſh ev'ry vain pretence
Built on human excellence;
Periſh ev'ry thing in man,
But the grace that never can.

LXXVI. *Sin's Deceit.*

1 SIN, when view'd by ſcripture light,
Is a horrid, hateful ſight;
But when ſeen in Satan's glaſs,
Then it wears a pleaſing face.

2 When

2 When the gospel trumpet sounds,
When I think how grace abounds,
When I feel sweet peace within,
Then I'd rather die than sin.

3 When the cross I view by faith,
Sin is madness, poison, death;
Tempt me not, 'tis all in vain,
Sure I ne'er can yield again.

4 Satan, for awhile debarr'd,
When he finds me off my guard,
Puts his glass before my eyes,
Quickly other thoughts arise.

5 What before excited fears,
Rather pleasing now appears;
If a sin, it seems so small,
Or, perhaps, no sin at all.

6 Often thus, thro' sin's deceit,
Grief, and shame, and loss I meet;
Like a fish, my soul mistook,
Saw the bait, but not the hook.

7 O my LORD, what shall I say;
How can I presume to pray?
Not a word have I to plead,
Sins, like mine, are black indeed!

8 Made, by past experience, wise,
Let me learn thy word to prize;
Taught by what I've felt before,
Let me Satan's glass abhor.

LXXVII. *Are there few that shall be saved?*

1 DESTRUCTION's dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to GOD,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers

2 Believers enter in
By CHRIST the living gate;
But they who will not leave their sin,
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be deny'd,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
So many surely, can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were sav'd in Noah's ark (*m*),
For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of CHRIST is always small (*n*),
And none are safe but they.

7 LORD, open sinners eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

LXXVIII. *The Sluggard.*

1 THE wishes that the sluggard frames (*o*),
Of course must fruitless prove;
With folded arms he stands and dreams,
But has no heart to move.

2 His field from others may be known,
The fence is broken thro';
The ground with weeds is overgrown,
And no good crop in view.

3 No

(*m*) 1 *Pet.* iii. 20. (*n*) *Luke* xii. 32.
(*o*) *Prov.* vi. 10. *and* xxiv. 30. *and* xxii. 13 *and* xx. 41.

3 No hardſhip, he, or toil, can bear,
No difficulty meet;
He waſtes his hours at home, for fear
Of lions in the ſtreet.

4 What wonder then if ſloth and ſleep,
Diſtreſs and famine bring!
Can he in harveſt hope to reap,
Who will not ſow in ſpring?

5 'Tis often thus, in ſoul concerns,
We goſpel-ſluggards ſee;
Who if a wiſh would ſerve their turns,
Might true believers be.

6 But when the preacher bids them watch,
And ſeek, and ſtrive, and pray (*p*);
At ev'ry poor excuſe they catch.
A lion in the way!

7 To uſe the means of grace, how loth!
We call them ſtill in vain;
They yield to their beloved ſloth,
And fold their arms again.

8 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'r appear,
The outward call to aid;
Theſe drowſy ſouls can only hear
The voice, that wakes the dead.

LXXIX. *Not in Word, but in Power.*

1 HOW ſoon the Saviour's gracious call,
Diſarm'd the rage of bloody Saul (*q*),
JESUS, the knowledge of thy name,
Changes the lion to a lamb!

2 Zaccheus, when he knew the LORD (*r*),
What he had gain'd by wrong, reſtor'd;
And of the wealth he priz'd before,
He gave the half to feed the poor.

3 The

(*p*) 1 *Cor.* ix. 24. *Luke* xiii. 24. (*q*) *Acts* ix. 6. (*r*) *Luke* xix. 8.

3 The woman who so vile had been (*s*),
When brought to weep o'er pardon'd sin,
Was from her evil ways estrang'd,
And shew'd that grace her heart had chang'd.

4 And can we think the pow'r of grace
Is lost, by change of time and place?
Then it was mighty, all allow,
And is it but a notion now?

5 Can they whom pride and passion sway,
Who mammon and the world obey,
In envy or contention live,
Presume that they indeed believe?

6 True faith unites to CHRIST the root,
By him producing holy fruit;
And they who no such fruit can show,
Still on the stock of nature grow.

7 LORD, let thy word effectual prove
To work in us obedient love!
And may each one who hear it, dread
A name to live, and yet be dead (*t*).

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 8, 20, 85, 87, 91, 104, 125, 139, 141.
Book II. Hymn 34, 49, 86 91, 99.

VII. PRAISE.

LXXX. (c) *Praise for Faith.*

1 OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou Giver of all good!

Not

(*s*) *Luke* iii. 47. (*t*) *Rev.* iii. 1.

Not heav'n itſelf a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.

2 Faith too, the blood receiving grace,
From the ſame hand we gain;
Elſe ſweetly, as it ſuits our caſe,
That gift had been in vain.

3 Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
Our hearts refuſe to ſee,
And weak, as a diſtemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What mis'ry we endure!
Yet fly that hand, from which alone,
We could expect a cure.

5 We praiſe thee, and would praiſe thee more,
To thee our all we owe;
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

LXXXI. (c) *Grace and Providence.*

1 ALmighty King! whoſe wond'rous hand!
Supports the weight of ſea and land;
Whoſe grace is ſuch a boundleſs ſtore,
No heart ſhall break that ſighs for more.

2 Thy providence ſupplies my food,
And 'tis thy bleſſing makes it good,
My ſoul is nouriſh'd by thy word,
Let ſoul and body praiſe the LORD.

3 My ſtreams of outward comfort came
From him, who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my ſoul for ever lives.

4 Either his hand preſerves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;

From Satan's malice ſhields my breaſt,
Or over-rules it for the beſt.

5 Forgive the ſong that falls ſo low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praiſe, however poor,
An angel's ſong can do no more.

LXXXII. *Praiſe for redeeming Love.*

1 LET us *love*, and *ſing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praiſe* the Saviour's name!
He has huſh'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to GOD.

2 Let us *love* the LORD who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He preſents our ſouls to GOD.

3 Let us *ſing*, tho' fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the LORD, our ſtrong ſalvation (*u*),
Holds in view the conqu'rors crown:
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to GOD.

4 Let us *wonder*, grace and juſtice,
Join and point to mercy's ſtore;
When thro' grace in CHRIST our truſt is,
Juſtice ſmiles, and aſks no more.
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Has ſecur'd our way to GOD.

5 Let us *praiſe*, and join the chorus
Of the ſaints, enthron'd on high;

Here

(*u*) Rev. ii. 10.

Here they truſted him before us,
Now their praiſes fill the ſky (x) :
" Thou haſt waſh'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of GOD !"

6 Hark ! the name of JESUS, ſounded
Loud, from golden harps above !
LORD, we bluſh, and are confounded,
Faint our praiſes, cold our love !
Waſh our ſouls and ſongs with blood,
For by thee we come to GOD.

LXXXIII. (c) *I will praiſe the* LORD *at all Times.*

1 WINTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemiſh free,
In the ſnow-drop's penſive head.

2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating ſuns :
Hark ! the turtle's plaintive ſong,
Seems to ſpeak his dying groans !

3 Summer has a thouſand charms,
All expreſſive of his worth ;
'Tis his ſun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

4 What, has autumn left to ſay
Nothing of a Saviour's grace ?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his ſmiling face.

5 Light appears with early dawn ;
While the ſun makes haſte to riſe,
See his bleeding beauties, drawn
On the bluſhes of the ſkies.

6 Ev'ning, with a ſilent pace,
Slowly moving in the weſt,

Shews

(x) *Rev.* v. 9.

Shews an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal reſt.

LXXXIV. *Perſeverance.*

1 REJOICE, believer in the LORD,
Who makes your cauſe his own;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho' many foes beſet your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with CHRIST in GOD (*y*),
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you ſhall not faint,
Or fainting, ſhall not die;
JESUS, the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint (*z*),
Will aid you from on high.

4 Tho' ſometimes unperceiv'd by ſenſe,
Faith ſees him always near;
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,
Then what have you to fear?

5 As ſurely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So ſurely, you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

LXXXV. *Salvation.*

1 SALVATION! what a glorious plan;
How ſuited to our need!
The grace that raiſes fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed!

2 'Twas wiſdom form'd the vaſt deſign,
To ranſom us when loſt;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the coſt.

3 Strict

(*y*) *Col.* iii. 3. (*z*) *Iſaiah* xi. 29.

3 Strict Juſtice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant ſeal'd;
And Truth, and Power, undertook
The whole ſhould be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r and love,
In all their glory ſhone;
When JESUS left the courts above,
And dy'd to ſave his own.

5 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r and Love,
Are equally diſplay'd;
Now JESUS reigns enthron'd above
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now ſin appears deſerving death,
Moſt hateful and abhor'd;
And yet the ſinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the LORD.

LXXXVI. *Reigning Grace.*

1 NOW may the LORD reveal his face,
And teach our ſtamm'ring tongues
To make his ſov'reign reigning grace (*a*),
The ſubject of our ſongs!
No ſweeter ſubject can invite
A ſinner's heart to ſing;
Or more diſplay the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

2 This ſubject fills the ſtarry plains
With wonder, joy, and love;
And furniſhes the nobleſt ſtrains
For all the harps above:
While the redeem'd in praiſe combine
To grace upon the throne (*b*)
Angels in ſolemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.

3 Grace

(*a*) *Rom.* v. 21. (*b*) *Rev.* v. 9, 12.

3 Grace reigns to pardon crimſon ſins,
To melt the hardeſt hearts;
And from the work it once begins (*c*),
It never more departs.
The world and Satan ſtrive in vain,
Againſt the choſen few (*d*);
Secur'd by grace's conqu'ring reign,
They all ſhall conquer too.

4 Grace tills the ſoil, and ſows the ſeeds,
Provides the ſun and rain;
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripen'd harveſt grain.
'Twas grace that call'd our ſouls at firſt,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us thro' the worſt,
And lead us ſafely home.

5 LORD, when this changing life is paſt,
If we may ſee thy face;
How ſhall we praiſe, and love, at laſt,
And ſing the reign of grace (*e*)!
Yet let us aim while here below
Thy mercy to diſplay;
And own, at leaſt the debt we owe,
Altho' we cannot pay.

LXXXVII. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

1 PREPARE a thankful ſong
To the Redeemer's name!
His praiſes ſhould employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame!

2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd:
That rebels, ſuch as you and I,
From wrath might be ſecur'd.

3 Upon

(*c*) *Phil.* i. 6. (*d*) *Rom.* viii. 35—39. (*e*) *Pſalm* cxv. 1.

3 Upon the croſs he dy'd,
Our debt of ſin to pay,
The blood and water from his ſide
Waſh guilt and filth away.

4 And now he pleading ſtands
For us, before the throne;
And anſwers all the Law's demands,
With what himſelf hath done.

5 He ſees us, willing ſlaves
To ſin, and Satan's pow'r;
But with an outſtretch'd arm, he ſaves,
In his appointed hour.

6 The Holy Ghoſt he ſends,
Our ſtubborn ſouls to move;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

7 The love of ſin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To riſe and ſeek his face.

8 The world and Satan rage
But he their pow'r controls;
His wiſdom, love, and truth engage
Protection for our ſouls.

9 Tho' preſs'd, we will not yield,
But ſhall prevail at length,
For JESUS is our ſun and ſhield,
Our righteouſneſs and ſtrength.

10 Aſſur'd that CHRIST our king,
Will put our foes to flight;
We, on the field of battle, ſing
And triumph, while we fight.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII. *Man by Nature, Grace and Glory.*

1 LORD, what is man? Extremes how wide,
In this myſterious nature join!
The fleſh, to worms and duſt ally'd,
The ſoul, immortal and divine!

2 Divine at firſt, a holy flame
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
Till, ſtain'd by ſin, it ſoon became
The ſeat of darkneſs, ſtrife, and death.

3 But JESUS, Oh! amazing grace!
Aſſum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and ſuffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels,
Deſpiſes earth, and walks with GOD.

5 And what in yonder realms above,
Is ranſom'd man ordain'd to be?
With honor, holineſs and love,
No ſeraph more adorn'd than he.

6 Neareſt the throne, and firſt in ſong,
Man ſhall his hallelujahs raiſe;
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And ſwell the chorus of his praiſe.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 57, 58, 59, 79, 80.
Book II. Hymn 37, 38, 39, 41, 42.

VIII. SHORT HYMNS.

LXXXIX. BEFORE SERMON.

1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And ſatisfy thy poor with bread:
Drawn by thine invitation, LORD,
Athirſt and hungry we are come;
Now from the fulneſs of the word,
Feaſt us, and ſend us thankful home.

HYMN XC.

1 NOW, Lord, inſpire the preacher's heart,
And teach his tongue to ſpeak;
Food to the hungry ſoul impart;
And cordials to the weak.

2 Furniſh us all with light and pow'rs
To walk in wiſdom's ways;
So ſhall the benefit be ours,
And thou ſhalt have the praiſe.

HYMN XCI.

1 THY promiſe, LORD, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day;
And now, we humbly waiting ſtand
To hear what thou wilt ſay (f).

2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love;
That from our follies we may ceaſe,
And henceforth faithful prove.

HYMN XCII.

1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us LORD, again
Aſſembled

(f) *Pſalm* lxxxv. 8.

Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead,

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat, and live.

XCIII. *Psalm* cvi. 4, 5.

1 REMEMBER us, we pray thee, LORD,
With those who love thy gracious name;
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.

2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

HYMN XCIV.

1 NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze (*g*),
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to GOD.

2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water, by that well supply'd (*h*),
JESUS open'd when he dy'd.

3 LORD, there are no streams but thine,
Can assuage a thirst like mine;
'Tis a thirst thyself did'st give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

HYMN

(*g*) *Hebrews* xii. 18, 22. (*h*) *Isaiah* xii. 3.

HYMN XCV.

1 OFTEN thy public means of grace,
Thy thirsty people's watering place,
The archers have beset (*i*);
Attack'd them in thy house of pray'r,
To prison dragg'd, or to the bar,
When thus together met.

2 But we from such assaults are freed,
Can pray, and sing, and hear, and read,
And meet and part in peace:
May we our privileges prize,
In their improvement make us wise,
And bless us with increase.

3 Unless thy presence thou afford,
Unless thy blessing clothe the word,
In vain our liberty!
What would it profit to maintain
A name for life, should we remain
Formal and dead to thee?

AFTER SERMON.

XCVI. *Deut.* xxxiii. 26--29.

1 WITH Israel's God who can compare?
Or who, like Israel happy are!
O people saved by the LORD,
He is thy shield and great reward!

2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
Thou art secur'd from foes and harms;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
Our refuge is the LORD of Hosts.

XCVII. *Habbakkuk* iii. 17, 28.

1 JESUS is mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard;
Yes,

(*i*) *Judges* v. 11.

Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow:
No blasted trees, or failing crops,
Can hinder my eternal hopes;
Tho' creatures change, the LORD's the same,
Then let me triumph in his name.

HYMN XCVIII.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,
But JESUS guards the way.

2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the LORD.

XCIX. *Deut.* xxxii. 9, 10.

1 THE saints EMMANUEL's portion are,
Redeem'd by price, reclaim'd by pow'r;
His special choice and tender care,
Owns them, and guards them ev'ry hour.

2 He finds them in a barren land
Beset with sins, and fears, and woes;
He leads and guides them by his hand,
And bears them safe from all their foes.

C. *Hebrews* xiii. 20, 24.

1 NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
JESUS CHRIST, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;

Perfect

Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

4 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our GOD.

CI. 2 *Corinthians* xiii. 14.

1 MAY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour
And the FATHER's boundless love,
With the holy SPIRIT's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the LORD;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN CII.

1 THE peace which GOD alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels (*k*),
Direct and keep, and cheer your hearts:
And may the only Three in One,
The FATHER, WORD, and COMFORTER,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here!

HYMN CIII.

1 TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, LORD, and pray'rs receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 Oh, grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,

(*k*) *Phil.* iv. 7.

When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heav'n our home,
E'en ſo amen, LORD JESUS, come (*l*).

GLORIA PATRIA.

HYMN CIV.

1 THE FATHER we adore,
And everlaſting SON;
The SPIRIT of his love and pow'r,
The glorious Three in One.

2 At the creation's birth
This ſong was ſung on high,
Shall ſound, thro' ev'ry age on earth.
And thro' eternity.

HYMN CV.

1 FATHER of angels and of men,
SAVIOUR, who haſt us bought,
SPIRIT, by whom we're born again,
And ſanctify'd and taught!

2 Thy glory, holy Three in One,
Thy people's ſong ſhall be,
Long as the wheels of time ſhall run,
And to eternity.

HYMN CVI.

1 GLORY to GOD the Father's name,
To JESUS who for ſinners dy'd;
The holy SPIRIT claims the ſame,
By whom our ſouls are ſanctify'd.

2 Thy praiſe was ſung when time began
By angels thro' the ſtary ſpheres;
And ſhall, as now, be ſung by man
Thro' vaſt eternity's long years.

HYMN CVII.

1 YE ſaints on earth aſcribe with heav'ns high hoſt,
Glory

(*l*) *Rev.* xxii. 20.

Glory and honor to the One in Three;
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THE 23D PSALM IN SCOTCH.—Rev. Dr. Hateley Waddle, in a lecture in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the Psalms of David, submitted the following translation of the twenty-third Psalm into Scotch.

1 The Lord is my herd, nae want sal fa' me.

2 He louts me till lie among green howes. He airts me atowre by the lown waters.

3 Ha wankens my wa'gaen saul; He weises me roun', for His ain name's sake, intil sight roddins.

4 Fa! tho' I gang thro' the deid mirk dail; e'en thar sal I dreid nae skainthin; for Yersel' are nar bye me; Yer stok an' yer stay hand me aye cheerie.

5 My buird Ye hae hansell'd in face o' my foee, Ye hae drookit my head wi' oyle; my bicker is fu an' skailin'.

6 E'en sae, sal guid guidin' an' gude gree gang wi' me ilk day o' my livin', an' evermair syne 'i the Lord's ain ho'e at lang last sal I mak' hydan.

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